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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE DISMANTLED PALACE.

TO SALLIE M. BRYAN.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

In the budding of the year—
When the mellow winds were blown,
And the meadows crisp and sere
Put their dainty greenery on,—
By a lake whose mirror blue
Showed the sprouting lilies plain,
Rose a palace fair and new—
As the mists rise after rain.
Royal arch and stately column,
Statue pale, and shrine of gold,
Loomed through purples quaint and solemn
With the idyllic dreams of old.

Many a rare, exotic flower,
Many a wondrous scarlet vine
Fragrance flung through hall and bower,
And a luscious tint of wine.
In the court, rose-shadowed, dim,
Many a fountain leaped to light
From some antique goblet's rim
Poured by Naiads nude and white.
Music's most bewildering spell
In the Circean sea of rhyme,
Faint as moonlight rose and fell,
In those unique halls sublime!

Here the sweet guests came and went,
Happy thoughts, and laughter wild,
Till, with smiles and weeping blent,
From our midst went Spring—the child.
Then the royal Summer came,
Brow unveiled, and rose-red mouth,
Locks dispread, and cheek aflame
With the passion of the south.
Her I wooed with burning lyre—
I a poet, she a queen—
Till my songs of love and fire
Won her majesty serene.

* * * * * *

In that palace—once so fair—
Where my darling, Summer, lies,
Dim the shapes of glory are
As the sweetness of her eyes.
Starry dome and fretted roof,
Blushing wall and golden door
Of the halls once shadow proof,
Sphere and twilights evermore.
Here the ghosts of long ago
Walk with faces full of pain—
You may hear their weeping low
In the pauses of the rain!

Ah! the Summer lieth dead!
Autumn blasts have her discrowned—
Of her garlands white and red
None in all the land are found.
Wildering song of bee or bird
Glad the leafless woods no more,
Only wailing winds are heard—
And the waves along the shore
Beat like a lost human heart,
From whose whirling gusts of pain,
Hopes, like summer's birds, depart,
And will never come again.

Poor return is this sad rhyme,
Oh, my summer-bride! my queen!
For our carolling sublime
When the meadow-croft was green;
When, by many an olden brook,
Many a river cool and glad,
You walked with me, with that look
In your eyes my springtime had.
Can you hear me in your grave,
Through the damp folds of your shroud?
Loud the gusts of Autumn rave—
But my weeping is more loud!

Underneath the old gray eaves
Of our palace overthrown,
I have heaped the yellow leaves
For your burial-cross and stone;
Oh, be patient of my woe!
I have suffered, and am weak,
And the tears that drip so slow
Drift the roses from my cheek;
Many sorrows have been mine,
Many wildering dreams have fled
Since your flagons of ripe wine
Made the lips of Autumn red.

Well, the Spring will dawn betimes,
And another June will reign,
And my heart weave other rhymes
In the loom of joy or pain—
While the sweet years, plying light
Golden oar and purple sail,
Down the gulfs of day and night
Float before the Eden-gale;
But, oh, Summer! won and lost,
By the love that went with thee,
Years of bloom, and years of frost
Shall not win my faith from me!

MARYLAND.

IN PRAISE OF TEA.—Oh! what varieties of pain do we not make our women suffer! And in those varieties, what a part of *confidante* has that poor tea-pot played ever since the kindly plant was introduced among us! What myriads of women have cried over it, to be sure! What sick beds it has smoked by! What fevered lips have received refreshment out of it! Nature meant very gently by women when she made that tea-plant! And with a little thought, what a series of pictures and groups the fancy may conjure up and assemble round the tea-pot and cup! Melissa and Sacharissa are talking love-secrets over it. Poor Polly has it and her lover's letters on the table; his letters, who was her lover yesterday, and when it was with pleasure, not despair, she wept over them. Mary comes tripping noiselessly into her mother's bedroom, bearing a cup of the consoler to the widow, who will take no other food. Ruth is busy concocting it for her husband, who is coming home from the harvest-field. One could fill a page with hints for such pictures.—*Thackeray.*

TWICE AVENGED.

PART II.

"You've distinguished yourself to-day," said Charley Noel to his companion, as they rode their tired hunters into Leamington late one winter's afternoon. "'Pon my word, then, you have! You're just as sound as I am, my boy, or you couldn't have ridden as you have to-day."

"I suppose I am getting all right again," our old acquaintance, Paul Fletcher, answered, "and it's only now and then that I still feel the effects of the wound. But as to hunting, you know that's no criterion, for I believe I should ride till I dropped without feeling tired."

It was to this passion for hunting that Mr. Noel owed the accomplishment of his scheme for making Captain Fletcher spend some weeks at Leamington with him, and so pass some of the time with which he himself was occasionally overburdened. He had first known Paul in Dublin, and, utterly unlike in disposition, they had contracted that sort of intimate acquaintance born merely of companionship, and sometimes among men dignified with the title of friendship. Charley Noel (as he was commonly called) was a well-connected Irishman with a good fortune, nothing to do, and a general propensity for enjoyment, on which happy disposition he seemed to have thriven. A well-knit active figure, fair wavy hair, high features, and laughing blue eyes, constituting Mr. Noel's *personnel*, gave you the impression that he was a far younger man than he could in reality claim to be. Though at least six or seven years older than Paul Fletcher, he looked younger; even across the light you could not discover a single crow's foot nor gray hair. He was not one of those men who never really look old till they collapse suddenly into aged and infirm dotards, and the joyous careless smile ever at play round his lips seemed to cast defiance at time and trouble.

Two years had elapsed since we left Paul in Caffraria, but he had only lately returned to England. Having partially recovered from his wound, he resumed duty again and got through the remainder of the campaign. "Chi va piano va sano;" but Paul, pursuing a precisely opposite course, suffered accordingly, and though much recruited by his loitering overland journey home, he was not yet fit for much, and to this Mr. Noel attributed his taciturnity at times, offering such a contrast to his own native expansiveness. It was, however, rather a recommendation to him in Paul, for he had command of language enough for two, and Fletcher often let him have it entirely his own way, throwing a monosyllable in now and then. Paul had also changed somewhat in appearance since we first introduced him to you. His tall slight figure had, without filling out much, gained in dignity; his features, then so animated and buoyant in expression, had acquired a severer beauty; the half-parted lips were now somewhat compressed, and round them lurked at times a faint smile of sarcasm, just enough to make you feel uncomfortable. This was relieved, however, by the deep earnestness of his brown eyes and the still open brow, from which it seemed no shadow could quite chase kindliness away. His coloring had once been bright and rich as an Italian boy's—now, but for the sunburning, it would have been pale. But if Paul Fletcher's face had lost the beauty of youth, it had gained in that of intellect and thought, and we think that altogether this second beauty came off victorious.

"I don't think I can go with you to-night, though, Noel," Fletcher resumed. "I am not yet sufficiently civilized to encounter the *belles* of Leamington."

"But I *promised* Mrs. Langton you would go," Mr. Noel answered, with decision; "and you wouldn't make me break the word of an Irish gentleman, would you? When I said yesterday I'd bring you, 'Of course,' she said, 'any friend of yours, Mr. Noel,' with that bewitching smile of hers that makes her look like a superannuated Venus, as I told her (only I left out the adjective). 'A most distinguished officer, Mrs. Langton,' I went on, 'and just returned from Caffraria.' 'Charming!' says Aphrodite; 'has he brought any of those little creatures with him?—Aztecs, I mean.' I explained to her they didn't grow in that latitude; and added, by way of making up for the disappointment, that you'd been severely wounded. 'How *delightful!*' was the answer. 'Where? how? has he lost a leg?—If you'd only lost a limb or two, Paul, my boy, your fortune would have been made. '*Do* bring him, Mr. Noel!' So, of course, I promised to bring you, and go you must, as sure as my name's Charley Noel."

It wasn't worth while arguing the point, so Paul lazily assented.

"And you'll see my widow," said Mr. Noel, as an additional inducement. "Pity she's no sisters, or you might have married one and welcome, for you know it's a recognised fact that I can't 'marry my widow's sister.' But there couldn't have been more such in a family—no house could have held two. Such a jolly little widow—and faster than the Flying Dutchman. I think Mrs. Heathcote—"

"Mrs. Heathcote?" Paul exclaimed. Milly Moore—poor Arthur Heathcote's widow?"

"The same—do you know her?"

"I—I met her long ago, before her marriage," Paul answered. "Yes, she's fast enough. Poor Heathcote was devoted to her, and died with her name on his lips. I was close beside him."

"That's my only objection to her," Noel said, more seriously. "They say she really cared for him, and felt his death dreadfully at the time; but she seems to have got over it fast enough."

"What did you expect?" Paul asked, satirically. "You would not have her more than woman! She has only the courage to show what others feel *without* showing it. At any rate, there is no deception about her."

It was a large dinner-party to which Paul and Mr. Noel were asked at this Mrs. Langton's, to be followed by an evening-party: and they accordingly went, and Mr. Noel re-introduced Paul to "his widow." She was a very pretty, sparkling brunette, with rippling brown hair from which the widow's cap had long been discarded, though she still wore half-mourning. "It was so very lady-like and becoming," she gave as a reason, with the utmost *franchise*. She was so glad to see Paul again, for, though she did not know him very well, it reminded her of old times; and what fun, by the by, they had had before he came to Vaughan that Christmas! It was such jolly hunting weather, and she had such a horse that winter. It was just before her marriage, he knew; and she sold him afterwards. And them the charades, too, were the best she had ever seen, and they used to have such mad waltzes down the long gallery at Crawland, or in the old drawing-room at Vaughan. In short, Mrs. Heathcote's reminiscences were all to be of the most lively nature, and her conversation being so, too, Paul found himself a good deal amused, but still more so when she sat between Charley Noel and him at dinner, and he heard the duet they talked together. It was utterly impossible for Mr. Noel to be long in the society of any woman, old or young, pretty or ugly, without making her those florid speeches for which his countrymen are renowned, and which, however much they may laugh at them, we do not think we ever heard ladies quarrel with yet. Nor in this instance did Mrs. Heathcote; so that more than once the conversation, too audible for him not to hear, caused that quiet, observant Paul Fletcher to smile inwardly—and outwardly, too, it would appear; for Mrs. Heathcote, who had seemed too engrossed to see anything, suddenly asked Noel, with some emphasis in her tone, if his friend Captain Fletcher was not a very satirical person?

When they returned to the drawing-room, after dinner, a number of fresh guests had arrived, and the rooms were filling fast. Music commenced, and with it a general buzz of conversation. Mr. Noel had already resumed his place by Mrs. Heathcote, and Paul, being a stranger, felt for a moment a little solitary, and began to regret having yielded to his friend's persuasions. Then he remembered that he had often derived amusement from observing the groups of humanity round him, and, retiring to the corner of a chimney, prepared to indulge in this rather uncharitable entertainment.—What a bee-hive it was! what nonsense some of them were importantly talking! how funny it was to see a young lady every now and then cast glances at herself in the mirror opposite, and then, when Paul caught her eye, pretend she was looking at her neighbor, and do it again determinedly! Were those people really amusing themselves? Did it make them happy to sit in hot rooms, listening to indifferent music, and talking so very much about nothing? Was this happiness? What *was* happiness? After all, what did *anything* mean? Paul was becoming perplexed, and wished he were quietly in his own rooms with his Shakspeare and his faithful old dog Captain. He thought he would go now. When looking round to see if Noel were still there, his eye lit on a face he had seen before, but could not remember where. A young lady of ample dimensions and widely-spread blue silk skirts, sat on a couch at the other side of the room, looking with amusingly steadfast vacancy at the knobs on the back of a chair before her.—She was very handsome, with dark hair, blue eyes, and straight and rather massive features, rendered so perhaps by the stolidity of her present expression. While Paul was puzzling over her, Mrs. Langton came up and spoke to her; whereupon the young lady rose majestically, and, nearly overturning Mrs. Langton's grand-daughter and two little subs in her progress, walked across the room and sat down at the piano. She then played one or two chords with great *aplomb*, and proceeded to roll out a song of Alboni's, in a magnificent contralto voice, and with very little expression. The moment she got up from her seat and walked to the piano, Paul recognized her; no one but Miss Ellis (Lady Torwood's cousin) could boast such majesty. The song concluded, she returned to her place with great dignity, hardly noticing the compliments that were offered her on all sides. While Paul was watching her, a lady, who had hitherto been concealed by the group that surrounded her, rose from her chair and moved to the ottoman where Miss Ellis was now re established. For a moment she stood speaking to her, and for that moment Paul Fletcher's heart stood still, and he leaned against the chimney-piece for support. It was natural that he should feel this emotion; he had just recognized one whom he least expected to see there—one whom he could not see again for the first time without such emotion—he had recognized Lady Torwood. He had heard nothing of her since his return—very little since he learnt that, after a few months' marriage, she had lost her husband. Lord Torwood, after a short illness, during which she had nursed him dutifully, had meekly died as he had meekly lived, blessing his wife for the brief happiness he owed her. Lady Torwood had put on the deepest weeds, and passed the first year of her widowhood in complete seclusion at her beautiful jointure house, her old and faithful friend Mrs. Campbell being again her companion as she had been in her girlhood. Lady Torwood's ideas on all subjects were most decorous, and she now considered herself too young a widow to live alone. She did not like the remarks people passed on poor Milly Heathcote's independent mode of life; but then she never *was* particular enough, poor girl!

Eleanor's position was a very brilliant one. Her husband had left her one of the richest widows in England, her beauty was at its height, her *ton* established, and her reputation for talent just sufficient to avoid making enemies, and quite within a high-bred compass. She was on the best of terms, too, with Lord Torwood's relations, and had always been so. Eleanor, they thought, had always so well maintained her dignity, and her conduct since poor Torwood's death had really been irreproachable. Her grief, though so deep, had been so dignified, and she had shown so much delicacy of feeling and such consideration for his memory. It was quite a pity she had not had a son to succeed, she would have brought him up so well.

Towards the close of her second year of widowhood, she had come to Leamington for the waters. Her health had suffered a little, and the change of scene would do her good. So she came, accompanied by Mrs. Campbell and her friend and cousin Caroline Ellis, to please whom she had honored Mrs. Langton with her presence this evening.

Lady Torwood's beauty was indeed at its height, and the rich plainness of her dress suited its style. Her black velvet gown showed off the exquisite symmetry of her figure, and, forming almost a train, rolled to the ground in graceful folds. A fall of old point lace, fastened at the back of her head, alone hid the glorious masses of her sunny braided hair, while the plain string of diamonds round her statuesquely-turned throat and white arms, formed her only ornament, leaving the beautiful face itself, with its deep, gray eyes, to be the riveting point of the picture. Paul stood not very far from the ottoman. Probably from the intent gaze he had fastened on her (and of which people generally have a consciousness,) Lady Torwood involuntarily turned towards him, and their eyes met. A slight start proved that she too, recognized him, and then she bowed in a manner that made it impossible for Fletcher not to go up to where she sat and speak to her, as she evidently wished he should do. As he approached she extended her hand, and though he felt himself turn pale, it was with perfect composure that he took it and heard Lady Torwood's voice speaking to him.

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure, Captain Fletcher!" she exclaimed; "I did not know that you had returned to England."

"Still less did I know you were in Leamington," Paul answered, in a very steady voice, "and it was by a mere chance I came here to-night. A most fortunate chance," Captain Fletcher added, with a somewhat Grandisonian bow.

"And are you quite well—quite restored from the effects of— We have heard about you, though not *from* you, since we last met," Lady Torwood said, a little reproachfully; "Mrs. Campbell and I thought you had treated such old friends rather ill."

Paul did not answer—what could he answer? but he raised his eyes slowly to Lady Torwood's face, as she also looked up at him. Apparently there was something unpleasant in the expression of Captain Fletcher's eyes at that moment, for Lady Torwood began talking again, and speedily moved off their first ground of conversation. Paul sat down beside her, and with great tact she gradually drew him into an account of the campaign he had made, of the occasion of his wound, &c., subjects which he was afterwards surprised to find he had entered upon; for when Paul was drawn into battle-talk, he always ignored his personal share in the subject. Lady Torwood, however, had acquired great art in conversation, and had that in perfection of making the person with whom she conversed become thoroughly self-satisfied for the time being.

Charley Noel, who had suddenly deserted Mrs. Heathcote and become acquainted with Caroline Ellis, now rose to go, and, as Paul did the same, Eleanor said, in a quiet, friendly tone,

"You will come and see us, Captain Fletcher? Mrs. Campbell will be so glad. We are at the Regent Hotel." And Paul could do nothing but acquiesce.

"How charming to meet so many old friends in one evening, is it not, Captain Fletcher?" said a voice behind Paul, as he made his way to the door.

He turned round.

"Thank you very much for allowing me to claim that title, Mrs. Heathcote," he answered with great suavity, and smiling, as he bowed good-night. Noel and he walked home. "'Pon my word, then," the former said, between the puffs of his cigar, "it would be worth dying for, to see your wife make two such widows as those. But there's no doubt about it that *mine's* the best of the three." (Mr. Noel's language occasionally partook of a degree of incorrectness which you must pardon, reader.) "Lady Torwood is far more beautiful, to be sure, but—why! she's like a beautiful frosty morning, as cold and polished as an icicle."

"She is an old friend of mine," Paul interrupted, sharply. Think what he would of her himself, nobody should dare to speak to him about her in disparagement. She *had* been his idol.

Mr. Noel began whistling, executed a difficult passage out of the celebrated Garry Owen, and wisely dropped the subject.

In anticipation, Paul had dreaded the ordeal which he had this evening gone through with such composure—had feared that the feelings he once entertained for Eleanor Vaughan, and which, when he left England, he had striven with all his might and main to destroy, would revive again at sight of Lady Torwood; for though his love had received one grand death-blow when he lost faith in her, it was too much a part of himself to be easily eradicated. The fibres had wonderful tenacity, and at times he despised himself when he found how weak his iron will was to tear them quite away. Had he still believed in her it would have gone hard with him, though his sense of duty was so strong (for Paul was a very upright man) that he would have struggled to the death to conquer himself. But this straightforward truthful spirit had despised Eleanor's faithlessness, and despised its motive; contempt and love could not live together. Had he been a woman they might—for women, when they love, "bear all things, endure all things!" but the one feeling in Paul Fletcher had, like a noxious weed, killed the other; and though to-night he had felt emotion he had not felt love. Still, he wondered at himself, wondered that this dreaded meeting was so easily over. And then, sitting before the dying embers in his room after Noel had left him, and the while stroking Captain's head, which that silent and confidential friend had sympathisingly deposited on his knee, Fletcher fell to musing.

How very beautiful Eleanor was! Even now that he could pass a calm dispassionate opinion, it could be no other than that. Lady Torwood was even more beautiful than Eleanor Vaughan had been. Well! she attained the object of her ambition—he wondered if she was happy?—he wondered if she had had any sort of affection for her husband? Bah! it was better not to inquire too deeply into the amount of attachment in any marriage. At least you must generally measure it by the *policy* of the arrangement. "Foreign alliances," after all, were the best; in them women were disposed of by their fathers, and saved having to transact the mercenary business themselves.—Turkish women, he thought, were the most entirely free from any blame of millionnaire-trapping; but if it were not managed for them, he had no doubt they would do it as well as any well-trained British maiden.

Paul felt that he was becoming bitter, but was it to be wondered at? His thoughts then turned on himself as he had been at his outset in life;—it was not so very long ago, but, ah! the time since had been long in feeling, long in experience, long in action—longer, it had seemed, than all the rest of his life. How long ago it was, though in reality but a few years, since he had held his mother's hand in his, that fair, delicate hand that had guided him in childhood, and that, when he grew to man's estate, he had in his turn clasped with such a proud sense of protection! Alas, the fair hand had soon turned cold, the ear for the first time refused to hear him when he spoke; the loving eyes forever closed their lids against him. Ah! his mother at least was pure and good; *there*, at least, a woman's form held an angel's spirit; nothing could ever shake his faith in her. In his heart, as he had done before many a time and oft, Paul Fletcher blessed his dead mother.

But since she died, how he had changed!—How that heart, once so full of life, and hope, and energy, and youth, had withered and grown hard, and mistrustful, and old! He had lost much power of enjoyment, unless in solitude, for he caught himself perpetually seeking for the motives in action of those around him, not content to take them as they appeared. "I have grown wise," Paul said to himself; "I have not received two lessons in human nature without profiting by them." He never thought of happiness now; the most he aimed at was *contentment*. And he had still duty in this life—hard, unpoetical, practical duty of all kinds, which he could find for himself, if he did not find it ready to his hand; there was plenty of work to do, and work suited his harder, sterner nature now, as dreaming had suited him formerly.

"Was he not right to be bitter at heart?" And yet he had forgiven Eleanor long, long ago; indeed, he had never felt anger against her.—The anger that she alone had caused, instead of falling on her, had been dispersed over her whole sex. She was only a woman; he excused her at the expense of all the daughters of Eve.

And now he asked himself, Would it be wise for him to come once more into daily contact with Lady Torwood? was he quite strong enough to stand the test, or had he better leave Leamington directly? She had asked him to call, and if he remained he must undoubtedly do so; and besides, in a place of this kind, he was sure to meet her constantly.—Paul felt his pulse mentally as he argued this question with himself, and finding it to beat quite calmly, decided that he saw no reason for altering his winter plans because accident had brought Lady Torwood to Leamington, and smiling to himself a little boastfully, said that he had never yet fled before a foe, and did not see the necessity of now flying before so fair a one. He would pay his devoirs to Lady Torwood the very next day.

When Paul and Charley Noel, who accompanied him, made their way into Lady Torwood's drawing-room at the Regent the following day, they found her seated at work with her cousin, Miss Ellis. Mrs. Campbell was also with them, and was so sincerely rejoiced at seeing Paul again, that the tears rose to the kind old dame's eyes as she greeted him. Lady Torwood's reception of him was cordial; she evidently wished all that had passed between them to be forgotten. It was as if she held the book of their past lives in her hand, and tearing out the blotted pages, said graciously to Paul,—

"Thus much shall you retain, and no more. I am willing to forget all that has ever been disagreeable in our interviews; willing to forget that you have occasionally caused me unpleasant twinges of conscience; therefore, do you also forget." But Paul's memory was not under his control.

However, this did not of course appear outwardly, and if you had heard their conversation to day you never could have guessed that anything more than ordinary pleasant acquaintance had existed between them, so sparkling was it, so easy, and to all appearance untutored, though in reality they were now proving to what perfection in the art of talk they had both arrived.

Mr. Noel, who had at first joined them, was now talking with great animation to Mrs. Campbell and Miss Ellis, the latter looking as handsome and almost as stolid as on the previous evening.

"You and Captain Fletcher are old friends, are you not, Mr. Noel?" said Mrs. Campbell, her mind running on her favorite.

"Very old—at least, not to have quarreled yet. I knew him first in Dublin, the year before he went Kaffir-hunting. We had many a good run then, and shall have many another this winter, I hope; Paul must have something to hunt or his mind would prey on itself. 'Pon my word, then, I think he believes in the Indian's paradise!"

"And you are not so enthusiastic a sportsman?" Mrs. Campbell continued.

(When Mrs. Campbell "made conversation" she generally did it as if she were reading out of a book.)

"In Ireland, ma'am, yes; but *here!* The Warwickshire are all very well, but you don't understand riding here as we do in Ireland."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Campbell, putting down her work, "do gentlemen in Ireland not perform equestrian exercise after the same fashion as the native gentry of England?"

"Bless you, no, ma'am! we've set them on their legs at last to a certain extent—their horse's legs I mean—but the whole thing's nothing but an easy canter that any of you ladies would beat them in. You never were out in Ireland, ma'am? Ah, then, you don't know what an Irish hunt is. And you never saw an Irish gentleman take a fence? *steeple*-chasing? I should think it was! I never saw a man actually clear a *church*, but 'pon my word then, I've seen a man take two cabins at a fly!"

Miss Ellis now also laid down her work, and looked fixedly at the speaker.

"I remember once at Ballyboru, my friend poor Tom O'Callaghan, who was one of the best riders in the north of Ireland—one of the longest days I ever had in my life it was, but Tom somehow got away from the rest of us and on to a neighbor's property, who was at daggers drawn with him. Well, Tom got bogged, and the only way he could get out of his scrape was by going through a bit of potato-ground behind two cabins that were built together. He was just going over the mud wall that enclosed it, when out came the wife—a raw-boned, ugly-looking woman with a child in her arms. Tom was always polite to ladies, so he touched his cap and stated his intention; but the termagant (an importation from the Highlands), knowing the state of matters between him and her landlord, gruffly refused to let him, and planted herself in the way. 'As you will, mavourneen,' said Tom, laughing quietly, and with that he wheeled his horse round to the front of the cabin, and before you could have counted three he had cleared it and over the other side, half way into the middle of the potatoes!"

"Had the horse a screw in its ear, Mr. Noel?" Miss Ellis asked, solemnly.

"A screw in its ear? not a screw loose anywhere, 'pon my word, then, or how could he have done it, and stand afterwards as if he'd just stepped across a puddle! But the best of it was that he seemed to like the fun of the thing, for the beast, Tom told me, turned round, and was going to take the leap *back* again, when Tom took off his hat politely to the lady, put him to the mud wall, and rode off quite coolly. Ah, he rode well, poor Tom O'Callaghan!"

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs. Campbell, "I never heard of anything so remarkable of the kind before! And what did the very inhospitable female say?"

"The story goes no further," Charley answered, modestly. "I only state what I know to be facts. But there were anecdotes without end of Tom. You know it was he who took out that very fine Lord D——— on one occasion, driving tandem in his dog-cart. His lordship was got up to an agony, and didn't dare turn for fear of disarranging his shirt collar.

"'Are you a good whip, D———?' Tom said, turning round to him.

"'Tolerable,' Lord D——— answered, smiling rather supercilliously, 'a very safe one, at least. I never—no, I never *was* upset in my life.'

"'*Weren't* you?' says Tom, looking round at him suddenly—'weren't you, really? Oh, well then—you shall be now!' And with that he drove right up against a bank and over-

turned his lordship as neatly as you can conceive."

"I have no doubt it did him a great deal of good," said a voice behind Mr. Noel. "How are you, Caroline, dear?"

Mrs. Heathcote had come in during the latter part of Noel's speech, looking very pretty in her morning-dress and lilac bonnet, and the conversation now became general. She was going to a large ball that night, and wanted Lady Torwood to go too, but the latter gravely declined, intimating by her manner that neither her health nor her spirits were sufficiently restored to admit of her entering into an amusement of the kind.

"Then let Caroline come with me, will you? Mr. Noel and I will take such care of her. You are going, of course, Mr. Noel?" Mrs. Heathcote asked.

Mr. Noel did not know the people, but he should be very happy to go if Mrs. Heathcote wished it. He knew some other people of the same name, or nearly the same, and perhaps that would do as well?

Lady Torwood was sorry to deprive Miss Ellis of the pleasure of going with Mrs. Heathcote, but they had agreed that she was to go nowhere without herself or Mrs. Campbell.

"You must come and dine with us on Tuesday, Milly, instead?" she added, kindly. They had been companions in childhood, and though Milly was foolish about some things, Lady Torwood still kept up the intimacy.

"Caroline, how pale you are looking!" exclaimed Mrs. Heathcote, suddenly. "Eleanor, you are very cruel—don't you see she wants to go to-night? She is goint to faint."

"I never fainted in my life," Miss Ellis answered, with great composure, and taking it quite as *serieux*.

But she did look pale, and Lady Torwood whispered her advice to her to change her seat, which was very near a glorious fire.

"Are you to be there, Captain Fletcher?" asked Mrs. Heathcote.

Paul smiled, and told her that he still considered himself sufficiently invalided to escape from balls, which he hated.

"It's a pity you hadn't escaped *one* ball just before you made it an excuse for the others, Paul, my boy," muttered Mr. Noel, in a stage aside. "Me boyh" Mr. Noel always pronounced the two last words which he so frequently applied to Paul.

"Oh, to be sure," said Mrs. Heathcote; "I forgot you were badly wounded in that horrid Caffraria. You were quite a lion last night; Mrs. Langton told everybody you had been left for dead, and that when you came to life again one of your legs, which was cut off, had to be sewed on again; and I'm sure two or three people looked to see if you'd got back the proper leg. But do tell us all about it; it's such fun hearing about battles."

Pressed on all sides for an account of the occasion on which he was wounded, Paul Fletcher gave a graphic sketch of the day in his simple, straightforward manner—losing sight of himself in the narration, you may be sure, as much as possible. Lady Torwood listened attentively, and once when it was evident—tell it as he might—that Paul's share of the honor and danger of the bloody day had been no small one, a light kindled in her eyes, and she fixed them earnestly on his face, listening eagerly. She had always known he was a true, brave man; till now, she had never considered the heroic in his composition. As Paul concluded, Miss Ellis rose from her seat and walked slowly and majestically towards the sofa.

"I think I am going to faint," she uttered, without any inflexion of voice. And thereupon sinking quietly and with dignity on to the couch, she let her head fall back gradually on the pillow, and—fainted. Mrs. Heathcote suppressed a laugh; Paul could not quarrel with her for the inclination, as he felt his own sense of the ludicrous tickled at the deliberate manner in which Miss Ellis had fulfilled what she announced.

Lady Torwood, who never fussed anybody, put aside Mrs. Campbell—who had a happy knack in general of fussing everybody—and bathed Caroline's forehead with eau-de-Cologne, motioning at the same time to Noel to open the window. In a few moments Miss Ellis opened her handsome, solemn blue eyes, raised her head as gradually as she had laid it down, and as majestically got up from the sofa.

"Thank you," she said to Lady Torwood; "I am quite well now. I never fainted before in my life. How long is it since you returned to England, Captain Fletcher?"

"'How long' reminds me that we have really trespassed on your time, Lady Torwood," said Paul, taking up his hat to go. "Miss Ellis, I am sure, requires rest."

And with this somewhat original finale terminated Paul's first visit to Lady Torwood.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

SLANDER.

The circle smiled, then whispered, and then sneered;
The misses bridled, and the matrons frowned;
Some hoped things might not turn out as they feared;
Some would not deem such women could be found;
Some ne'er believed one-half of what they heard;
Some looked perplexed, and others looked profound;
And several pitied with severe regret
Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

—*Byron.*

☞ An incurable old bachelor, and who seemingly rejoices in his infirmity, describes marriage as, "A female despotism tempered by pies and puddings."

☞ To some men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it they would be worth nothing.

☞ There is nothing, no, nothing innocent or good, that dies, and is forgotten: let us hold to that faith, or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it; and play its part, through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burned to ashes, or drowned in the deep sea. Forgotten! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection, would be seen to have their growth in dusky graves. —*Dickens.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The *first year's* subscription must always be paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following ow Terms to Clubs:—

Four Copies, - - - - - $5.00 a year.
Eight " (and one to getter up of Club,) 10,00 "
Thirteen, (and one to getter up of Club,) 15,00 "
Twenty (and one to getter up of Club,) 20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third Street, Philada phia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"A Squirrel Story;" "Willie and the Angel;" "A Broken-Hearted Lover;" "Smiling in Memory;" "Home Attractions;" "The Broken-Hearted;" "Jenny Resting in Heaven."

E. B. The correction you sent on was made in the greater part of our edition. We like your poems much.

A. We do not think we can arrange with you for the MS. you mention.

TO CHANCE READERS.

We call the attention of chance readers of THE POST to our Prospectus for Next Year in another column. They will see by reading it, we think, that they cannot do better than enroll themselves upon the long list of our subscribers. The **$1,680** story, by the distinguished author, MR. G. P. R. JAMES, will be of itself worth the price of the paper to club subscribers—Mr. James's last novel, LORD MONTAGU'S PAGE, is now selling in book form for $1,25. And then, besides, we design furnishing THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT, a Series of BRILLIANT ARTICLES from GRACE GREENWOOD, a NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, &c., &c., &c. Add to these our MISCELLANEOUS and AGRICULTURAL Articles, the SELECTIONS from FOREIGN SOURCES, the FOREIGN and DOMESTIC NEWS, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., and our subscribers will have about TEN times the worth of their money. But see Prospectus.

BEGIN AT ONCE!—To those who design making up Clubs for THE POST, we would say emphatically, BEGIN AT ONCE. Even if you do not wish your subscriptions to commence before the first of January, do not neglect to make up your Clubs AT ONCE! Do not wait until the field is reaped before you commence—but take the harvest at its opening. By so doing you will save yourselves labor, and greatly benefit us. Let our old friends especially, who have stood by THE POST through so many summers and winters, fail not to BEGIN AT ONCE!—and we will show our contemporaries of the press that "some things can be done"—not only "'as well"—but a little *better* than others.

As we expect to receive a large accession to our list at the opening of the year, when we design commencing Mr. James's novelet of "THE CAVALIER," we would be obliged if those making up clubs to begin at that time, would send them on as early as possible, in order that we may so regulate our edition that none may fail in getting their papers without vexatious delays. When the bulk of a club is made up, the names obtained can be sent on, and the remainder forwarded afterwards, when they will be added on our books.

THE REVOLT IN INDIA.

The recent revolt is to be attributed in no small degree to the insolent and supercilious behaviour of the English to the natives. Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *London Times*, admits this. He says:—

"The most scrubby, mean little representative of *la race blanche* ever sketched by the pencil of John Leech, regards himself as infinitely superior to the Rajpoot with a genealogy of 1,000 years, or the Mussulman whose ancestors served the early Caliphs; and the scrubby one manifests his sense of his own superiority in kicks, cuffs, and brutal language. Englishmen make their way through the bazaars by striking the natives to one side. A sahib, who had actually been summoned for debt, met the native who had taken him into court, and, just as an expression of opinion, used his horsewhip gently over his head and shoulders. I know of several such cases, some hushed up by money payments, others suppressed by fear. In one instance, a young gentleman in his cups shot one of his servants with a revolver; the man, though badly wounded, did not complain." Mr. Russell also mentions the case of an officer, who, because his syce had put a wrong saddle on his horse, had the man "fastened to a pole and placed out in the full sun of May;" another officer fastened down his syce in the sun by heel-ropes and foot-ropes, as if he were a horse, and spread grain before him in mockery. Such conduct as this is intolerable; and we can no longer wonder why kotmutgars and bearers, the domestic servants, were foremost in deeds of bloodshed at the opening of the revolt.

Gentlemanly—which means gentle-manly conduct—is thus proved to be not only good manners but good policy. In fact, insolence is harder to bear than even tyranny. To be ruled by despotic power is what the natives of India are accustomed to—and a just and enlightened despotism, is what India, in common with many other countries perhaps, most needs. But even the iron hand should always be covered with the velvet glove. If you must even hang or behead a man, it is no reason you should be needlessly uncivil to him in the operation. That old angler, Izaak Walton, when he handled his worms and frogs and fish, always "treated them as if he loved them," and no doubt they appreciated his kindness. An ignorant people must sometimes be saddled and ridden, for its own and others' good; but the curb and spur should never be made instruments of needless torture. If they are thus used, that must be either a very generous or a very callous people, which will not embrace the first opportunity to revenge itself. And such opportunities nearly always come,

"For time as last sets all things even,
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power,
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

HOW GOVERNESSES ARE SOMETIMES TREATED IN ENGLAND.—A "Governess" writes to the *London Times*, giving a statement of her experiences. She says:—

Last week I called with my sister upon a lady residing in one of the most fashionable parts of the West-end, who required the services of a morning governess four hours daily, to instruct her three daughters in English, music, and French, and also to give lessons in music twice in the week to her three sons. After questioning my sister (who is an educated and accomplished girl,) in the presence of the children, footman, and French maid, as to her capabilities, &c., she, with the air of one judging the quality of a piece of merchandize, surveyed her from head to foot, and asked, "Now, are you a strong girl? and do you soon take cold? For governesses are always taking cold and stopping away from their duties;" adding, "The fact is, they won't dress properly, and I believe half of them do not wear so much as a flannel petticoat." It is scarcely creditable that after this she should offer the sum of 8s. as a weekly remuneration, and not content with this insult, should on the following day write, saying that if the young lady were willing to begin with 30s. per month she would be expected to attend the next morning at nine o'clock? What, then, can be less surprising than that with such remuneration poor girls are obliged to go ill-clothed and ill-fed, and become incapacitated for duties, as this lady complains? Not long since I was asked by a clergyman of the Church of England, "Have you ever been associated with vulgar people?" How could I answer? For even possessing the widow's cruise of oil, and the Israelitish garments, could a poor governess live in any very aristocratic neighborhood of very polished society on 7s. 6d. per week?

The writer of the above—and she certainly is one who *ought* to know—says that facts like these are of "daily occurrence." And yet we can hardly believe that they truly represent the general treatment of governesses by our highly benevolent and world-wide philanthropic English cousins. If they do, we think it would be well to get up an Anti-Cruelty to English Governesses Society, and employ missionaries to visit England, and endeavor to teach the purse proud ladies and clergymen a few lessons of Christian charity and forbearance towards their poorer, but often better bred sisters. Perhaps, however, the society in question might find a little work to do at home in New York and Philadelphia, before extending its philanthropic efforts to the British Borriobhoola Gha.

A SINGULAR SUPERSTITION.—In the case of the execution of five Arabs by the French authorities in Algiers, the existence of a singular superstition on their part, made the punishment—beheading—a most terrible one. The account says:—

All the garrison of Setiff was under arms, and a vast number of Europeans and natives were collected to witness the scene. Aly was first executed, and on seeing his head fall, an Arab chief, who was on horseback, fainted and fell to the ground, while the great mass of natives, as if seized with panic, ran away in all directions. This was owing to the horror the natives have of the French system of execution, *because it causes the complete severance of the head from the body; whereas, by their own system, which is effected by swords, the neck is never entirely cut through, in order, as they believe, to enable the Prophet to take the true believer by the tuft of hair which is left on the summit of the head, and raise him bodily into Paradise—a thing which could not be done if the head were completely separated from the trunk.* The execution of Saad, Menenni, and Embareck, which followed that of Aly, presented no remarkable incident; but Koreichi, who was almost overwhelmed with emotion, was so horror-stricken on seeing on the scaffold the dead bodies of his accomplices, that he made a faint attempt to break away. The execution of the whole five men was accomplished in seven minutes.

One can scarcely avoid smiling at the immense consequence attached by the Arabs to the difference between cutting the head entirely off, and leaving enough of the neck for it to hang by, but then if on such a difference, in their opinion, depends the possibility of final salvation, we cannot wonder at their viewing the matter in such a serious light. We should think, however, that this superstition would give the French *gisours* a great mastery over them, as being able to take not only their natural lives, but deprive them of the eternal bliss of paradise, with its ten houries apiece, its gardens of roses, and its other foretold delights.

A NEW INVENTION—PERHAPS.—A Mr. W. H. Humphrey, who is styled "a well informed mechanic," and resides at Walworth, Eng., professes to have discovered a plan of substituting compressed air in lieu of steam, for railway and other purposes. It is so simple, he says, that it could be applied to the existing railways at very little cost. It can be used on the common roads with ease, and to an army in the field it would be invaluable, as its power would be able to convey large bodies of men hundreds of miles without stoppage. Not meeting with any encouragement at home, Mr. Humphrey proposes to lay his plan before the Russian government. Perhaps it is something—perhaps nothing. More wonderful things than that, however, have gone begging—for instance, this new world.

DEAD OR ALIVE.—It was recently decided in Georgia, that though a man has been declared dead by the Courts, and his property legally divided among his heirs, if it shall afterwards appear that he is not dead, and comes boldly back to claim his own, his claim must be allowed. This, though somewhat inconvenient to a man's heirs—is decidedly a just decision—and it is highly amusing to read that "an *appeal* was taken" to a higher court.

THE OPERA IN NEW YORK.—Mr. Ullman, the opera manager, has withdrawn the free tickets of admission from several of the newspapers of New York, because, as is averred, they did not think sufficiently highly of Piccolomini. The "*Spirit of the Times*," one of the offending journals, thus describes a conversation in which its representative took part:—

As a colloquy sometimes gives vivacity to a narrative of facts, we shall here record a conversation occurring last week at the Academy.

We had listened with a good deal of dissatisfaction to the first act of "La Figlia del Reggimento," when we descended to the saloon to ridicule a friend of ours for a fulsome panegyric of Piccolomini, in a weekly paper, of which he is editor. Just as we had ceased our semi-serious satire, Little Ullman approaches, snuff-box in hand, like the great Napoleon, saying, "Ah! Mr. So and So, I tank you for your notice."

Critic.—"Indeed! You thank me for what occasions this one's (pointing to ourself,) censure."

Ourself.—"You know, Ullman, as well as I do, she can't sing, and as for her acting, there are a dozen in New York who can do as well."

Ullman.—"She is a ver fine artiste; she know how to please. She draw large houses, and dat's all I care for."

Ourself.—"That is due to your management. You know that all the London puffery and Hibernian enthusiasm were manufactured for the market."

After my friend the critic had left, the manager continued in these very words:

Ullman—(tapping the top of his box.)—"I don't want you to talk to ze crestics in dat way. I must be supported by ze press, and I will be, or I will kick zem all out. I 'ave ze power to do so, and will. I have keeked out ze 'Atlas' and dree other papers dis week. I 'ave tyrannized over ze singers, and I will tyrannize over ze press."

As this conversation occurred on Wednesday, our last week's article was already in type, so we shrugged our shoulders in resignation, conscious of our approaching decapitation. And, true enough, the Monday following our tickets were withdrawn.

If Mr. Ullman did really use the expression credited to him above, "I will tyrannize over ze press," he said a very foolish thing. We have not read the criticisms to which he took exception, but if they were evidently fair and honest criticisms, the whole body of the New York press should espouse the cause of their "*decapitated*" brethren, and refuse to notice Mr. Ullman's performances until he has retraced his course. If the press means to be respected, its members should stand by each other in all cases where the just rights or privileges of any member of the fraternity are invaded.

A TRUE BILL.—The *London Times* thus hits off the Electric Cable rejoicings in New York. We think all sober men will admit that it is a true bill:—

If New York had piped to London any rational tune, London might have danced to it; but "Yankee Doodle" was played so fast and loud, that no English feet could keep time to it. The outward methods of expression of great joy were strange to our island humor.—The "Young Men's Democratic Union Club, accompanied by a choric band," serenading Mr. Field, was an oddity in our eyes. Some of us have seen real serenades in Italy, and we all have seen mock serenades at our opera houses, but when the idea is suggested of a middle-aged gentleman roused from his sleep and struggling into his clothes in order to appear upon a balcony to be played to by votive male admirers equipped with fiddles and mouth-organs, our English gravity is overtaxed and will explode. Then, when the last scene came, and the illumination ended with the combustion of the City Hall, and when we were entertained with the appearance of the Mayor of New York at the end of the performance facetiously announcing that the Lord Mayor of London had, in a higher strain of joyous frenzy, ordered the London mansion house and the palace of Westminster to be lit up as a responsive bonfire, no one could have imagined that we were expected to keep countenance under pain of being accused of "laughing at American enthusiasm."

Let us ask the New York Courier, did not the more sober people in New York smile long before we laughed? And now that a little time has gone by, do not the actors in this odd demonstration laugh at their own folly betwixt whiles of their wiser and sadder labor of building up their City Hall?

The *Times* makes a common mistake in considering New York as a fair sample of America. Why, there are about as many foreigners as natives in that city—and the natives who are there, from sitting up late at nights, living amid so much noise and confusion, and reading the New York papers, have lost the possession of their sober senses. New York pipes many a tune which the other portions of the country laugh at, instead of dancing to. In fact, if the country danced to all her pipings, we should be in one eternal jig all the time, and soon become as crazy as she is.

A SMALL BOY in Madison, Indiana, recently recited, in Sunday School, 2,233 verses from the Bible, which he had committed to memory during the evening of six preceding days. He is capable of committing 200 verses an hour.

Yes, and the prospect is, if his parents allow his memory to be tested in that manner, that when he becomes a man, he will not be able to recollect two verses, let alone two thousand. Certainly there has been enough said against this folly of overtasking the youthful brain, to guard sensible people from falling into it.

THE PRICE OF GAS.—Of all the assurance that we have chronicled lately, that manifested by those who propose to *increase* the price of gas in this city, takes the lead. Certainly no city administration could stand up under such a load of dissatisfaction as such a proceeding would cause. That the price of gas might still be reduced is very probable—but, to increase it, why a flare up would ensue in every dwelling such as no "burner" ever exhibited. We hope the talk of such a thing is "all gas."

☞ The American ship Pepperel, which passed the Austria without rendering assistance, was in a disabled condition herself at the time—leaking from 12 to 15 inches an hour. Her captain says:—"God grant that I may never see such another sight, and be prevented from rendering assistance."

☞ Mrs. Jane Maria Van Antwerp, (wife of Gen. Van Antwerp,) of Keokuk, has been appointed Vice-Regent for Iowa, of the "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association." The appointment is said to be one "eminently fit to be made."

☞ Mr. Staunton has declined a chess contest with Mr. Morphy, pleading the necessity of previous practice, and the weight of pressing business engagements. No doubt Staunton has a wholesome respect for Morphy's abilities, knows that he would have to do his prettiest to succeed, and is rather glad than otherwise of the business engagements aforesaid. Well, he is a wise man. Harwitz was made brain-sick by his recent contest with the American champion in Paris, Philidor's life was shortened by his defeat at the hands of a turbaned and heathen Turk, and why should Mr. Staunton rush recklessly upon probable defeat and possible distraction? If he does not play, it must always remain a "chess problem" as to which is the best player, he or Morphy. England, of course, will say Staunton; America, and the rest of mankind, Morphy.

KEOKUK, IOWA.—We perceive by a publication recently made, that quite a number of handsome improvements have been erected this season in Keokuk, Iowa—showing that it is rapidly recovering from the effects of the great commercial revulsion of last year. Of course, with this, as with nearly all other Western towns, it is merely a question of time. They are fated to rise again from the earth, before many "moons," and go on "like a strong man running a race."

RIDICULOUS.—Such, in our opinion, is the new police uniform. A stranger would think that our streets were full of naval or military officers, instead of policemen. There is a propriety in dress, which cannot be violated without causing a feeling of the ridiculous. Policemen should be clad in some sober uniform, suitable for the work they are paid to perform, and for all kinds of weather.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.—We call attention to the Prospectus of Grace Greenwood's Little Pilgrim, in our advertising columns. Do not forget it, parents. It would be a nice Christmas gift for the children.

New Publications.

THE FOUR SISTERS, by FREDERICA BREMER, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is one of those novels by this genial author, which have so pleasantly opened to us the doors of Swedish homes, warmed our hearts in their cheerful fireside glow, and made us familiar with the lights and shadows of Swedish life. Perhaps in this work the shadows predominate, or at least appear strongly, for the subject of the story is a woman's life and a woman's fate in a country where, as Mrs. Browning puts it, there is

——"no help for women weeping out of sight,
Because men made the laws."

Miss Bremer's adhesion to what is known in this country as "Woman's Rights," is well known, and this novel may be considered her illustration and defence of her views on that subject. Apart from all considerations of this nature, the novel is full of rich humor, clever character painting, and felicitous descriptions of town life and country life, and indoor and outdoor scenery in Sweden. The translation has been made by Mary Howitt, who seems born to do two things remarkably well—write admirable stories of her own, and admirably translate the stories of Miss Bremer. The force and spirit with which she has presented the "Four Sisters," will be allowed by those persons who read the novel a couple of years ago, when it appeared, and was noticed in these columns, under the title of "Hertha."

A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY CLAY (Duane Rulison, Phila.,) proceeds upon the principle that his most enduring monument is the record of his deeds. Consequently we have here a compact and full biography, with copious selections from his speeches, and the eulogies pronounced by his friends at his decease, all bound up together in one handsomely illustrated volume, fit for a wide popular circulation. We see no reason why persons who do not care to purchase the expensive large volumes of Colson, should not get their account of the great statesman from this cheap and serviceable work. It is done by a Kentuckian—Mr. A. H. Carrier—and so far as we can judge, well done.

THE STRATFORD GALLERY, OR, THE SHAKSPEARE SISTERHOOD (D. Appleton & Co., New York), a beautifully printed and superbly illustrated gift-book, is announced, and will shortly be issued from the press. It will consist of ideal descriptions of Shakspeare's female characters, executed by Mrs. Palmer, the wife of the Dr. Palmer so favorably known to the public by his articles in the "Atlantic Monthly" and other periodicals. The pictures which accompany the descriptions are from the pencils of eminent artists. Those we have seen in the advance sheets are very beautiful.

THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF SAMUEL SLICK, ESQ., (Dick & Fitzgerald, New York), is a neat reprint of one of Judge Haliburton's amusing caricatures of Yankee character.

VIOLET; OR, THE TIMES WE LIVE IN, (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) is such a compound as can be made when a clever novel of society and a religious novel are blended together in one. The scene of this secular-sacred performance is laid in Philadelphia, and some graphic local touches make the interest all the livelier.

EVERY WOMAN HER OWN LAWYER, by GEORGE BISHOP (Dick & Fitzgerald, New York,) is designed to constitute every woman her own legal adviser by informing her of the laws of the different States in every particular in which they affect her interests. The book seems a complete manual of legal information, and if it is so, as we have no reason for supposing it is not, its usefulness is undeniable.

OCCULT AMERICAN SLAVERY TO BE PERPETUATED? (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.,) is the title of a volume containing the debates which took place in this city last September between the Rev. Mr. Brownlow, of Tennessee, and the Rev. A. Pryne, of New York, on this question.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for October (Leonard Scott & Co., New York,) is as full as usual of good reading.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1859.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE,
THE NEWS, AGRICULTURE, &c.

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, T. S. ARTHUR, &c.

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would call the attention of the public to their long-established sheet, and especially to their BRILLIANT ARRANGEMENTS for the coming year. THE POST is peculiarly adapted to the wants of COUNTRY FAMILIES, as it contains weekly not only a large amount of the Best Literature, but the Latest News, Agricultural Essays and Information, Domestic Receipts, Accounts of the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

In its Literary Department measures have been taken to render the coming year one of Unusual Interest. Determined to obtain for THE POST the very best talent that could be procured, we have made arrangements with the distinguished author, G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., for the aid of his brilliant and fertile pen. We design opening the year with an Historical Novelet by this gifted author, to be entitled

THE CAVALIER,

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c.

To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

In addition to "THE CAVALIER," we have already secured

THREE STORIES from MARY HOWITT

a lady whose name and literary abilities are probably known wherever the English language is spoken.

We may further state that GRACE GREENWOOD, the popular American authoress, will contribute regularly to our columns. A Series of Articles from her brilliant and graceful pen has been arranged for, to be entitled

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS;

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In this Series, which will probably run through the whole year, our readers may anticipate a literary treat of no common character.

A NOVELET, BY T. S. ARTHUR;

our readers' and the public's old and approved friend, has also been engaged to add to the treasures of the New Year. Our admirable weekly

LETTERS FROM PARIS,

which have been so well received by our readers, will also be continued.

In addition to the names of G. P. R. JAMES, MARY HOWITT, GRACE GREENWOOD, and T. S. ARTHUR, we may mention MRS. M. A. DENISON, MISS EMMA ALICE BROWNE, "FLORENCE PERCY," MISS MARTHA RUSSELL, and the Author of *MY LAST CRUISE*, as among the *regular* contributors to THE POST. The productions of many other writers, of course, will at intervals grace and adorn our columns; and

CHOICE SELECTIONS

of all kinds, from the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SOURCES, shall continue to be, as heretofore, a leading feature of our paper. The Stories, Essays, Sketches, Agricultural and Scientific Facts, &c., &c., obtained in this way for the readers of THE POST, are among the most instructive as well as interesting portion of its contents. THE VERY CREAM of the PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE BRITISH ISLES being thus given to our readers.

While THE POST thus presents Literary attractions of the very highest order—designed for a more intelligent class of readers than those who take delight in the "blood and murder" and "sawdust" literature of the "flash weeklies"—it does not neglect those departments that the Family Circle equally requires. It publishes weekly AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES—the NEWS, FOREIGN, DOMESTIC and CONGRESSIONAL—Receipts useful to the Housekeeper and the Farmer; many of them worth more than the cost of a year's subscription—Riddles and Problems—The Markets—Bank Note List, &c., &c., &c.

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

POETRAITS OF MY MARRIED FRIENDS, by UNCLE BEN, (Dick & Fitzgerald, New York,) are graphic sketches of domestic interiors, mostly illustrating the shady side of matrimony. Spite of the *nom de plume*, we suspect "Uncle Ben" is a lady.

FLOWERS! when the Saviour's calm, benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty; when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts He drew,
Eternal, universal as the sky;
Then in the bosom of your purity
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

☞ It is observed, that the most censorious are generally the least judicious, who, having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

☞ Thomas Moore has recorded in his diary, that Lord John Russell repeated to him the following epigram of Lord Holland's, on one of the two candidates for Bedfordshire saying in his address, that "the memory of this struggle would exist to the end of time:"

When this earth to the work of destruction shall bend,
And the seasons be ceasing to roll,
How surprised will old Time be to see, at the end,
The state of the Bedfordshire poll!

☞ In Sweden a man who is seen four times drunk is deprived of a vote at elections. In some of our large cities this rule is reversed—a drunken man is made to vote four times.—*Louisville Journal.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Singular Autumn—The Blessings of Shade—A Curious Contrast—A Disappointed Suitor—Roman Charity—A Good Move—The Russian Nobility—A Modern Martyr.

Paris, October 28, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

That the present season is really an exceptional one, whether due to the presence of the famous comet or not, is shown by the state of vegetation all over the country. Exotics that have never before blossomed in France, are now in full flower; whole groves of chestnuts, after putting forth a second edition of blossoms, are now covered with fruit rapidly advancing to maturity, and promising, if no early frosts supervene, a second harvest of the nuts which enter so largely into the diet of the peasants of this country. In my recent rambles in the neighborhood of Paris, I have found green peas, strawberries, and raspberries in blossom, wild flowers in full toilet, the young, downy leaves of the vines opening as though in the month of April, and the black-currant bushes sporting fine, vigorous buds, that ask only a week or two's continuous sunshine to come out in full force. Melancholy aberrations of vegetative instinct! For the older leaves are fast dropping all over the land; and fog and chilly evenings proclaim but too surely that Winter is coming, in spite of the comet and the magnificent wine crop, which latter proves to be even more lavishly abundant than had hitherto been anticipated.

In this city, the work of re-planting the Boulevards is going on with great rapidity. The pavement is taken up, the old dead trees are grubbed up by the roots and whipped into drays that carry them speedily off to the wood-yard; fresh earth is shovelled into their vacant growing-places, and a lining of tiles ingeniously constructed round the same to prevent the deleterious action of the gas which escapes from the pipes, and which has had so disastrous an effect upon the predecessors of the hale young trees so carefully planted in their stead. Where the Government can find money for the enormous local works of which Paris is now the scene, is a question which rises to the lips of all who visit it; and the fact that the municipality of the capital has mortgaged its revenues for sixty years to come, is sufficiently illustrative of the *boldness* of the policy now predominant. With the immense expenditure now made here, and the increasing development of every species of luxury and extravagance wherever practicable, it is curious to hear continually of the ravages committed by the wolves in other parts of the country, and of the *battues* which it is found necessary to organize with a view to their destruction. Think of a flock of forty-seven sheep being attacked, a few days ago, by these unpleasant marauders, and that so viciously that only two of the unfortunate animals were left alive!

Speaking of sheep reminds me of a trait of Arab life, showing how curiously different are the conditions of social existence on points of the earth's surface apparently too near each other to admit of so wide a discrepancy. An officer in the French army, just returned from Algeria, gave a ball at Oran, before leaving that town, at which all the Europeans of the place had gathered in force, a few Arabs of rank, invited by the host, being included among the guests. One of these, a chief of some note, though greatly amazed at the sight of the French ladies thus mingling openly with the members of the other sex, and not a little scandalized at the lowness of their dresses, and the spectacle of their uncovered arms, was greatly smitten with the charms of one of the fair dancers. After contemplating the beauty for some time in silence, the Arab—who imagined that all the ladies present at the ball were the wives of the host, and naturally imagined that a husband so amply provided might easily be induced to part with one inmate of so populous a harem—marched gravely up to the gallant officer, and taking him aside, proposed to him to purchase the object of his admiration, offering in exchange for the unconscious lady, tripping it so gaily in pink and silver, fifty pieces of striped cotton, three dozen shawls, a tent, five yataghans, a mare, and three hundred sheep. The disappointment of the wild son of the desert on learning not only that the lady was not the "property" of his host, but also that European women were not to be purchased by any number of shawls, mares and sheep, is described by the officer as exceedingly tragic.

The excitement created by the forcible carrying-off of the young son of the rich Jew of Bologna, Signor Mortara, to be educated as a Christian by the ecclesiastical authorities in Rome, is far from having subsided. The entire Continental press is busy with the affair; the liberals of every creed concurring in blaming this unscrupulous violation of parental rights, the retrogradists being equally unanimous in their approval of this summary manner of "saving souls." It now appears to be altogether doubtful whether the ceremony of baptism was really performed by the nurse-maid on the person of the child, then an infant of fourteen months only; for the girl's character is very bad, especially with regard to veracity, and after being expelled for misconduct from the service of the family in question, it turns out that she has been expelled, in like manner, and for the same cause, from the various Catholic families in which she has since been employed. It is certain that the girl's evidence would have little or no weight on any ordinary question; and it is justly argued by the liberal Catholic press that her assertions with regard to her pretended baptism of the child are entitled to no belief whatsoever. In the eyes, however, of all lovers of right and justice, the question as to whether this surreptitious administration of the rite of baptism did really take place or not, is of no importance; since it is clear that such a step, unauthorized by the parents of a minor, is a flagrant violation of legal and natural right, and social decency.

Private accounts from Russia state that the agitation among the peasants is more general and serious than has been represented in the journals of that country. The nobles are doing all they can to thwart the proposed liberation; and the serfs are violently excited by the knowledge of their ill-will. The Emperor, however, it is said, is resolved to persevere in the carrying-out of the plans of which he has long been the advocate under his father's reign; and whatever may be the ill-will of the serf-holders, the body of the nation, it is said, supports him. Among other pleasant indications of the better spirit that seems to be awaking in Russia, is the formation, at St. Petersburg, of a society whose aim is the establishment of public libraries for the lower classes all over the country, and the devising of measures for generalising the love of reading among the illiterate millions of that vast, semi-barbarous land, which, despite its backwardness, is yet a good way farther on in the road of civilization than it was a century ago, when the caprice of the sovereign was omnipotent, and the nobility were not only exposed to the instant loss of rank, fortune, liberty, and life, at the beck of an irresponsible master, but were frequently mortified by seeing the lowest and most ignoble favorites of that master suddenly exalted above the heads of the most noble and the most deserving. Shameless peculation, drunkeness and lying being even now too common among all classes of the subjects of the Autocrat of the North, it will readily be understood that these upstart favorites, for the most part, were particularly innocent of anything like decently honest antecedents, and the feelings with which they were welcomed by the nobles of the day, may readily be imagined, especially as the Czar was sure to employ these new creatures of his will in the execution of the most delicate and conspicuous tasks, in preference to employing those older servants who regarded such employment as theirs by superior right.

Thus, after the Italian campaign of 1799, when the brave General Souwaroff returned to St. Petersburg, the Emperor Paul I. sent the Count Koutaissoff to compliment him in his imperial name. This dignitary (founder of the present noble house of that name) had just been brought to view by a stray beam of Imperial favor, and the old General, proud alike of his princely rank and his distinguished services, was not a little piqued at the choice of such an envoy by their common master.

The Count's salutations over, the caustic General entered into conversation with the envoy, remarking with every appearance of simplicity,

"Excuse, my dear Count, the want of memory of a failing old man who finds it difficult to recall his *souvenirs*; but in truth I am unable to bring to mind the origin of your illustrious family. Perhaps, however, you owe your title of Count to some great victory?"

"I have never been in the army, Prince," replied the ex-valet.

"Oh, indeed! You have then no doubt been an ambassador?" continued the General.

"No, Prince."

"You have then been a Minister, dear Count?"

"No, Prince, I cannot lay claim to that honor."

"Pray tell me, then, since my guesses are all at fault, what distinguished post you have occupied?"

"I have had the honor of serving his Majesty as butler," returned the new dignitary, driven to the wall by the Prince's pertinacity.

"Ah, indeed! it is very honorable to you to have done so!" remarked the old noble; and ringing a little bell that stood on the table, he called for his own butler, whom he thus addressed:

"Troschka! I repeat to you, *every* day, that you ought to cease drinking and stealing, and you pay no heed to my exhortations. Look, now, at this nobleman: he has been a butler like you, but he was neither a drunkard nor a thief, and you now behold in him the future Groom of the Palace to his Majesty, Knight of all the Russian orders, and Count of the Empire. Follow his example, and perhaps you will one day be what he is."

While Alexander II. is busy inaugurating measures of reform, the petty tyrant of Naples is equally busy in the attempt to tread out every spark of freedom from the midst of his unhappy people. Among the most striking proofs of the utter contempt of justice and legality now regnant in Naples, is the treatment to which Signor Diego Tajani, a young lawyer of considerable talent, of a highly respectable family, and who was in no way compromised in the movements of 1848, has been subjected by the Neapolitan Government, for no other crime than that of having acceded to the request of Nicotera and others involved in the affair of the *Cagliari*. From a letter by this gentleman published in the Sardinian journals, it appears that a few days after his acceptance of this task, and before he had received the legal notification of his nomination to the conduct of the defence, the police prohibited his going to Salerno, (the scene of the approaching trial) and ordered him not to quit the little town of Vietri, thus rendering it impossible for him to communicate with the accused whose defence he was to conduct. Tajani's family urged him to give up the nomination; but deeming it impossible that the Government would persist in so illegal a course, he determined to persevere. The documents composing the accusation filled 120 volumes; all kept from his inspection. At length, the Sardinian Government obtained leave for Tajani to go to Salerno, five of the accused who had chosen him for their lawyer being Sardinian subjects. But he was obliged to return every night to Vietri, thus incurring a fatigue almost beyond his strength. His young wife, on the point of her first confinement, fell ill, but he was not allowed to bring her home to their house in Salerno, although her physicians declared her stay in Vietri to be at the risk of her life, and the poor lady died in her confinement, from want of the care and comfort it was impossible to procure for her in that place. Every species of annoyance and impediment was thrown in the way of the young lawyer in the discharge of the duty the Government itself had authorized him to assume; and when the trial was over, having received information of the intentions of the police to seize and imprison him, he fortunately succeeded in procuring a disguise and a passport, and effected his escape to Genoa, where he is now residing. His professional career is thus destroyed, his domestic happiness sacrificed, and he is condemned to a life of exile for having accepted a mission of justice and humanity which the Government itself had authorized him to fulfil! Truly a beautiful illustration of the notions of justice and legality entertained by King Bomba and his administration.

QUANTUM.

HOW TO GET SICK.

R. H. M. writes: "I slept in a room one night which had been washed out during the day, and was not quite dry. I awoke next morning with a sore throat, which has continued ever since." The result is, he has had to abandon his theological studies, and place himself under treatment, after having lost two years' time.

H. M. writes: "I went to sleep in a warm day on the top of an ice-box, and have never been well since." He shortly after died of consumption.

T. H. took a very severe cold; conversation was laborious, but he had an appointment to preach, and felt as if he must fulfil it. He made the attempt but the utterance was attended with a pricking pain in the throat and then a dull hurting came on the throat, with subsequent "hemming" and fruitless "clearing." He was permanently disabled.

A modest man walked until quite fatigued, and perspiring freely, entered an omnibus, and sat next a lady who opened a window to get some fresh air for herself. He soon became chilled and was ill for three weeks.

H. P. got up at night and hoisted the window to look at a burning house; the cold air darted in on the unprotected body, just from a warm bed. A twelve month's illness resulted in dropsy.

A strong, hearty man came in on a hot summer's day, immediately took off his coat and hat, and sat in the open window, looking out upon a beautiful garden, over which the ocean breezes came to fan him. Before he was aware of it, he was chilled, was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, and died within a week.

A delicate young lady, an invalid, a patient of ours, in an excursion with several others, was "overtaken" by nightfall, and by a young gentleman. They were in a boat, and the boat was in the mud, the tide having gone out on a visit to the sea, and "there they were," a mile from shore, and several miles from home; that mile was extraordinarily long and short. Only think of it! A whole mile over a Jersey flat! covered with water, mud, and bulrushes, carrying in the arms a young lady of eighteen, with one of the sweetest voices, faces and forms to be seen in or out of Jersey. Bespattered with mud, dripping with fog, and dew, and slush, steaming with perspiration, and wearied with hunger, thirst and fatigue, delighted and excited by the novelty of the thing, they reached home at midnight. The next day she "didn't have anything the matter with her at all!" Why? She had taken lessons of us. Instead of pulling off her bonnet and shawl, and sitting in a cool place, or instead of undressing at once, and thus letting the air check the perspiration, she went into a warm room, closed the doors and windows at the same moment, laid aside the garments one by one, at intervals, and when cooled off, in the course of half an hour, retired to a sound sleep and a healthful awakening.

Another man rode three miles with a little child sleeping in his lap, which, pressing against his stomach, caused unusual warmth there. It was a chill, raw November evening. In walking a hundred yards to the house, the child moving slowly and wind blowing, the whole abdomen was chilled in a moment. The next morning he awoke with the ominous pains of peritoneal inflammation, which is often fatal in three or four days.

A man had some accounts to draw off in mid-winter. It was a cold night. He was greatly interested; time went and the fire too. He felt a little chilly, but thought he would soon be done; that it was not worth while to rebuild the fire. It was near one o'clock before he left for home, and he reached it most thoroughly chilled. Next morning he had pneumonia, and never got well.

Remaining at rest for hours in a cold room in raw, cold, damp weather, is enough to kill three men out of four, by bringing on congestion of the lungs, lung fever, or inflammation of the lungs. Clergymen and lawyers often sacrifice their lives by speaking in warm rooms—the body debilitated by the effort, the skin in a state of perspiration, the lungs all heated up—and thus hungry, tired and depressed in body and mind, go out into the cold air to ride or walk home—and to die in the very bloom of health and manhood. And yet, to know these little things there are hundreds who hesitate to give a dollar a year, when on the knowledge of them human life is daily hung, and for want of it daily lost.—*Hall's Jour. of Health.*

The Queen's Ball.—The ball given by Queen Victoria to the servants and gillies at Balmoral, is a scene never witnessed elsewhere in the kingdom, as the sovereign mixes freely in the pleasures and enjoyments of the humblest of her subjects. The whole Court, of course, take their cue from the example of the sovereign; and lords and gentlemen choose their partners freely from among the female domestics of the royal establishment, and dance away with vigor and elasticity. Prince Albert might be seen footing it away merrily with a buxom housemaid, whom he had selected as his partner; and little Prince Arthur, too, had his favorite among the maids. Neither the Prince Consort nor the Count de Flandres danced, but the Countess de Persigny, with the true vivacity and *esprit* of a Frenchwoman, with one of the young princes or some of the gentlemen for her partners, entered heartily into the spirit of the *fete*, and danced several times among the servants.

Kicked to Death by a Gun.—Wm. Cameron, who resided near Ogunwka, Illinois, purchased a shot-gun that had a load in it, and a few days thereafter shot it off, when it kicked with such force as to rupture his abdomen, and cause a wound that produced his death in a few hours. This is a singular act to terminate fatally.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 176—Adults 92, and children 84.

☞ Some say speaking your mind upon all occasions is hardly safe; a far better rule would be to speak it only when it is worth speaking.

Five Days Later from California—$1,670,000 in Specie—Fraser River Emigrants Returning, &c.—The steamship Star of the West, from Aspinwall, with California advices to the 20th ult., five days later than furnished by Overland Mail, arrived at New York on the 12th.—The Star brings $1,670,000, Mr. McKibbin, Congressman from California, and Senators Smith and Grover, from Oregon, are among her passengers.

A Chinaman, who murdered a woman named Sarah Neal, near Sacramento, was hung by a mob two hours afterwards.

The loss by the fire at Jamestown amounted to only $17,000.

Crowds of disappointed miners were returning from Frazer River. Two steamers had brought over a thousand of them. The settlements had all been deserted, and there was no business doing at Victoria.

The third overland mail reached San Francisco on the 17th ult.

The San Francisco markets were dull. Consignees were obliged to press sales at lower prices for some kinds of goods. The stocks were accumulating, and it was thought that the prices had touched the highest point for the season.

The Indian war in Washington Territory is at an end. After the battle of the Spokan Plains, Col. Wright hastened forward to the Cœur d'Alene Mission. The Cœur d'Alenes then begged abjectly for peace, and agreed to an unconditional submission, provided their lives were spared. If that were promised to them they would give up two young men who had been the main movers in the attack on Steptoe, and they would also give hostages for their future good conduct. The offer was accepted. The two main offenders were handed over; and five prominent men, with their wives and families, were offered as hostages.

Many of the tribes then came in with their wives, from the mountains, thus showing that the peace was sincere on their part. The Pend d'Oreille, the Spokan and the Pelouse tribes, immediately sued for peace also, offering to accept any terms which might be imposed upon them. Peace was granted to them also. The two Cœur d'Alene prisoners and the hostages of the four hostile tribes, were taken to Fort Walla Walla, where they still remain. All hostilities are now at an end. Kamiakin, a prominent and influential chief of the Yakimas, who has been accused of inciting his tribe to make war on the whites, has fled across the Bitter-Root Mountains to the Flathead tribe.

The Carden Case—A Persevering Irishman.—Our readers will remember the attempt of Mr. John Carden, of Tipperary, to carry off, in old Irish fashion, Miss Arbuthnot, who was residing with her relative, Lord Gough, in the same part of the country. Under the impression that she was in love with him, he had all things in readiness to carry her off, after the most approved fashion of the romantic ages—a carriage and four, pistols, blunderbuss, chloroform, and attendants. He was frustrated in his design, and, in addition to a sound drubbing, got eighteen months' imprisonment for the attempt.

The term of his incarceration expired some time ago; but, in spite of the confinement, with cropped hair and frieze, and hard labor, the love or hallucination survived, and Mr. Carden watched Miss A. in her rides and walks, at church, and in her visits to her friends, in hope of some lucky moment when he could declare his love, and hear that it was returned. The other day, finding that she had come to Lord Gough's, at St. Helen's, near Kingstown, he followed her to Dublin, sent his housekeeper, a Mrs. Keating, disguised, and bearing the name of Miss Douglas, to obtain information of the young lady's movements; whether she walked alone in the grounds, and whether the gatekeeper could not be prevailed upon to admit a gentleman. Mrs. Keating was arrested, and on her person was found a letter of Mr. Carden, instructing her how to proceed. Mr. Carden was, in consequence, brought before the magistrates of the Kingstown Police Division, and bound in recognizances of £5,000 to cease from persecuting the lady. The lady swore that she hates him, but Mr. Carden won't believe it—she is under restraint. He meant to take lodgings in Dublin, opposite her town residence, find out what church she frequented, and, as he declared, hear from her own lips the declaration that would make him the happiest or the most miserable of mankind. But the inexorable magistrate, Mr. Porter, would believe the lady's oath; and so he must give up the chase, or pay dearly for his whistle.

A "Smart Woman" at Stewart's.—On Saturday evening week, an elegantly-dressed woman entered Stewart's, and asked to see some shawls. After assorting and comparing, she at length made a selection, the price being five hundred dollars. Gracefully producing her port-monnaie, she tendered the clerk a two thousand dollar bill in payment. He took it immediately to the cashier, who examined it carefully, and then, to make himself perfectly sure, sent a clerk out with it to see an expert and obtain his opinion. Meanwhile the lady became very indignant, and resented the affront which she said had been put upon her. She was not a character to receive or pass off bad currency, and would never come again to Stewart's to do any shopping. Presently the messenger returned with the intelligence that the bill was good. She caught it from him, declaring that she would not take the shawl. After a little while, however, she seemed to relent, and saying that she had been to a large number of establishments, and that the shawl was the only one that suited her, she remarked that she would take it, adding her determination not to expose herself again to a similar affront. The clerk was profuse in apologies, as he did up the article, and the two thousand dollar bill was taken by the cashier, and fifteen hundred dollars promptly paid back to her, when, without bidding good-night, she took her leave.—The bill this time proved to be a counterfeit. She had paid the clerk a different one from the one first exhibited.

The above has been contradicted—but nevertheless it will "do to tell."

Wonderful Exhibition—A Living Man's Heart Open to Inspection.—A great curiosity was yesterday exhibited to the students of the University Medical College at the hour of Prof. Mott's clinique.

It was a case of deficiency of the sternum, (breastbone) which enables the several movements of the heart to be seen. It has excited intense interest for several years past throughout the cities of Europe and Britain. The subject of the defect is a very intelligent gentleman, M. Groux, a native of Hamburg, twenty-eight years of age, somewhat under the average height, and rather pale, though he appears to be in health.

The collar bones are not connected (neither are the ribs to their opposites), but there is a groove where the sternum should be; the skin is natural. In its natural state, this groove is about an inch and a-half wide, but it can be distended to three inches. On looking at the groove, a pulsatile swelling is discernible, opposite the third and fourth ribs; if respiration be suspended, it rapidly rises to an enormous extent, and remains full and tense until the breathing is restored, when it soon subsides. This is the heart. Between the clavicles there is another pulsatile swelling, easily felt, which is the aorta, the great artery from the heart.—The dilation and contraction of the lung is also seen. In coughing, the right lung suddenly protrudes from the chest through the groove, and ascends a considerable distance above the right clavicle into the neck.—*N. Y. Post.*

The President has tendered the appointment of Governor of Kansas to Ex-Governor Medary, of Ohio.

A Curious Emigration Project.—A scheme is on foot to carry out a colony of emigrants from New York city to an island in the East India Archipelago, which at present is entirely unclaimed and has never been settled by any European power. The climate is described as generally mild and very healthy, the productions, cotton, sugar and rice, grow in great abundance, and the native population are described as a timid, inoffensive race, who would easily become the most docile and faithful of laborers. In the event of colonization, it is said that the island must become the centre of an important native trade; it will be advantageously situated as a coaling station for lines of steamships running from our Pacific coast to Australia and Indian ports; and great and growing markets for its sugar, coffee and cotton, are near at hand in the ports of Australia. The projector of this enterprise states that he has spent some time in the region; and has carefully matured a plan of emigration and colonization, which he will direct until a settlement is effected. A vessel is provided in which each adult emigrant contributes two hundred and fifty dollars; which secures a *pro rata* interest in the vessel carrying out the company, and a section of land. It is designed to set sail as soon as possible, in order to arrive in the Indian seas at the commencement of the South East Monsoon, the most agreeable season of the year. The project is a novel one, and seems at first glance too romantic to be likely to succeed. Great colonies, however, have had beginnings quite as humble as this.

A Singular Canon in New Mexico.—The troops sent out from Fort Defiance to punish a band of hostile Indians in the neighborhood, succeeded in capturing five thousand head of sheep and six Indians. Six Indians were killed, and two soldiers were also killed during the fight. The troops entered a remarkable gorge or canon, climbing down the mountain side at almost its centre, through a narrow passage, where a single horseman can only pass, and at the risk of being precipitated, by a false step, down a chasm of five hundred feet. The walls of the canon are in some places fifteen hundred feet high. Arrows shot from the top at the troops below lost their direction by the resistance of the air, and came down horizontally. Stones thrown down were broken before they reached the bottom, from the same cause. It is about forty or fifty miles through it. Peaches and corn were found in it in great quantities. The peaches are said by the officers to be very fine. Several prisoners were taken in the canon. Had the tribe in any numbers stood fight here, they could have annoyed the troops much without a doubt. It was a hazardous march, and the success is a matter of wonder as well as of congratulation. The opinion is expressed by some of the officers, that ten determined men, well armed, could have resisted the entrance of the troops into the canon.

The United States Army.—The present military force of the United States consists of nineteen regiments of the line, composed of the following corps: Five regiments of cavalry, four regiments of artillery, ten of infantry, making a grand aggregate of thirteen thousand rank and file of all arms. This little army covers an area of over two millions of square miles, being two-thirds the area of all Europe. There are eleven hundred commissioned officers, including one hundred medical officers, eight hundred and fifty of whom graduated at the Military Academy, and two hundred and fifty civil appointments. The nativity of these officers is as follows: Born in the United States 1,060; Ireland 14; France 8; England 6; Germany 3; Scotland 2; Austria 1; Italy 1; Poland 1; Spain 1; Cuba 1; Turkey 1; at sea 3. The militia force of the United States is computed at 3,000,000 effective men.

Size of a Ton of Coal.—The remarkable uniformity in the respective *solid contents* of a ton of white, gray and red ash coal, is an argument in favor of a system of measurement to test the weight of a ton of coal, upon the same principle that the miller *weighs* the *bushel* of wheat or corn of the farmer. For instance, Lehigh white ash coal, per ton of 2,000 lbs., of the egg or stove size, will uniformly measure 34½ feet cubical, while white ash Schuylkill coal will measure 35, and the pink, gray and red ash will reach 36 cubical feet per ton of 2,000 lbs., or 40 feet for 2,240 lbs., the difference of cubical contents between a net and gross ton being exactly four feet. Let all coal, for both public and private use, be put in bins, and we will guarantee to weigh the coal therein, from one to a thousand tons, with as much accuracy as it can be weighed on a pair of scales.

Chateaubriand and Lamartine.—Jules Janin comes out with a woful tale about the indignities and neglect of which Chateaubriand is the object. In the recent visit of the Court to Brittany, her illustrious son was studiously forgotten, and now it appears the old woman, who was the custodian of his tomb on a rock at St. Malo, has died, (of the rheumatism,) and his grave will be a prey to English tourists, who chip off bits of the Sphynx, and mutilate the Parthenon, and commit all sorts of depredation. Meantime, Lamartine writes a letter in the Gaulois, announcing the sale of his estates in Burgundy, and the imminent removal of his *lares* and *penates* at the suit of the French John Doe, intimating that if the subscription does not get brisker, he will remove himself bodily from France adding that she shan't have his bones, "*ne cesa quidem!*"

The Bride's Kiss.—A merry scene is said to have occurred in the vestry of the chapel at St. Cloud, after the marriage ceremony of the Duc de Malakoff. It is the custom among the country people of the duke's native province for the gentlemen of the bridal party to make a rush for the "bride's kiss," as they call it—the first kiss of the newly made bride, which entitles the happy possessor to the left hand of the bride in the procession on leaving the chapel. The struggle between the Emperor and Lucien Murat caused the greatest merriment. The Emperor was permitted by courtesy to proclaim himself the victor, but Prince Lucien protested against the decision most vehemently, and declared that the kiss had been rightfully conquered by him.

Labor Emigration.—William A. Wallace, of the Alta California, who has arrived at St. Louis from Salt Lake, furnishes the Republican, of the latter city, with the following information:

"He reports having passed on the route fifteen hundred and sixty five vehicles, eight thousand and sixty one yoke of oxen, seven hundred and four mules, forty-six horses, and twelve hundred and thirty head of loose cattle. A large portion of this emigration is occasioned by the establishment of the government forces in Salt Lake City, many of the trains being filled with army supplies; but, aside from this, there is a vast amount of miscellaneous emigration and commercial intercourse existing between the two points."

Singular.—In the recent address of the Hon. T. L. Clingman, before the North Carolina State Fair, he mentions, in connection with the manufacture of wine, and the difficulty on the Atlantic slope of the United States of preventing its acetous fermentation, a remarkable fact concerning a locality of the western part of that State. In a district of a few miles in extent on the Tryon mountain, neither dew nor frost is ever known. The same district is remarkable for the variety and excellence of its native grapes, and they are often found in fine condition in the open air as late as December. The dryness of the atmosphere in the locality mentioned, and its equability of temperature are most remarkable, and we should like to know more concerning it.

NEWS ITEMS.

A Wedding Party, but no Wedding.—The Indianapolis Journal relates how a heartless desertion of an expectant bride took place in that city on Thursday evening. The supper was prepared, the guests came, the lady—a widow—was waiting in bridal attire, but the expectant bridegroom came not. It was afterwards ascertained that he went that very afternoon to Hartford, Indiana, to marry another lady.

Daring Robbery.—Early on Sunday morning the house of the Hon. A. B. Williams, of Lyons, New York, was entered and robbed of a large amount of silver plate, &c., and a small sum of money. The inmates were stupified with chloroform or some other soporific.

Trial of the Slavers.—The trial of the crew of the Echo will commence at Columbia, S. C., on the 28th of this month. Captain Townsend will be tried at Key West, Fla., on the 28th of next month.

Education in Alabama.—From the report of the Superintendent of Schools in Alabama, it is found that the aggregate number of schools taught during last year was 2,262; the number of pupils, 89,013; average number of months taught, 6 1-5th; average number in daily attendance 39,887; total cost of schools $552,884.

"The Empress Eugenie" cloak, as described in late "Fashions," must be a "stunning" garment. It is made with two plaits behind, set on a deep yoke. The back and sides have a broad trimming of silk and chenille in diamond and star patterns finished with tassels. It has a square sleeve, richly fringed, with tassels on each point. The cloak is tied close to the waist; the yoke is fringed, and the collar matches the side trimming.

Singular Coincidence.—Both Mrs. Gardner, of Hingham, Massachusetts, and Mrs. Studley, of Valley Falls, R. I., were, previous to their arrests, considered highly respectable; both were married ladies; both were convicted of the murder of their husbands; both committed this crime by the same means, namely, poison; both were sentenced upon the same day, to wit: 28th of October, ultimo—by the Supreme Courts of the two States—and both for and during their natural lives.

Wool Growing in California.—The San Francisco (Cal.) papers say that the wool business in California at the present day is one of immense importance, and its steady and rapid increase promises to place it ere long at the head of its articles of export. The Bulletin contends that California, in a few years, will produce wool equal to the finest Australian, so desirable in the European markets. It is supposed by parties competent to judge that the clip of the present year alone will reach a million and a quarter pounds.

In the Ninth Congressional District of New York, John B. Haskin, anti Lecompton Democrat, has been officially declared elected by 13 majority.

The vote for Governor of New York at the latest returns, foot up thus:—Morgan, Republican, 214,404; Parker, Democrat, 195,494; Burrows, American, 51,023. Morgan over Parker, 18,910.

Illinois.—It is admitted on all hands that the Republican, State ticket is elected. The *State Journal* says by 2,500—the *Chicago Press* by about 5,000.

The tide rose so high in Stamford, (Conn.,) harbor, the other day, and sent so much salt water up the little river, that fresh water fish were utterly surprised, rose to the surface, and were picked up by hand.

Fatal Effects of Inhaling Steam.—On Wednesday last, a son of George Cushell, of Ware, Conn., four years old, went into a neighbor's house, and on the stove was a coffee-pot; he put his mouth to it and inhaled the steam; it burned his mouth, and for a few hours he seemed to breathe like one having a hard cold. In the evening he grew worse, and died at three o'clock the same night. The affection of the child appeared just like the croup, and seemed to disturb the child in the same manner on the lungs.

Dr. Samuel Reeves, of Wilmington, North Carolina, has for a pet a beautiful green snake, perfectly tame, but still it is one of those beauties which we prefer to contemplate at a distance.

Four Hundred Dollars a Line.—The leaf of an album, on which Byron had written four lines of poetry, was recently sold at Venice, Italy, and a Russian nobleman gave $1,600 for it.

Shaving Against Time.—A barber named Carrodus, in Leeds, Eng., attended by three lathierers and five stroppers, undertook to shave seventy men in one hour. He performed his task in 56 minutes!

Necessary Sabbath Breaking.—In East Corinth, Me., on Sunday last, just as the people were going to church, the alarm was given that a bear was making free with a neighbor's sheep fold. Leaving the women in care of the deacons, the males of the three denominations of churches went in pursuit of Bruin, and after a long search and hard struggle succeeded in despatching him. The "varmint" weighed over 200 pounds.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has issued a writ for holding an extra election in Berks county (Eighth Congressional District), on the 30th of November, to supply the vacancy in Congress occasioned by the resignation of Hon. J. Glancy Jones.

Judge Douglas has written to his friends in New York, that he expects to be in that city on or about the 25th of this month, and those friends are accordingly making arrangements to give him a cordial greeting. The knowing ones intimate that this greeting will take the shape of a banquet at the St. Nicholas Hotel, and that the Judge will make a speech on the occasion, foreshadowing his course in regard to the Administration, and preparing the way for a thorough re-union of the Democratic party.

The barque Venus, formerly under the Mexican flag, has been captured off the Moro, with nearly 600 negroes on board, by a Spanish war steamer.

The U. S. frigate Sabine put into Bermuda on the 21st ult., having been disabled by the hurricane on the 24th. She lost her main-topsail and fore-sail; her bow-ports were forced in, and her steering-gear seriously injured.—The British authorities afforded her facilities for repairs, and she would be ready to proceed in a few days.

Charleston, Nov. 11.—A captured slaver called the ketch Brothers, which was taken on the south coast of Africa, arrived at this port this morning in charge of Lieut. Stone, of the U. S. sloop of war Marion. The ketch was formerly owned by Messrs. Street & Brothers, of Charleston, and sold to parties in Havana.—She was provided with a slaver's outfit. She had no slaves on board. Eighty-seven hundred dollars in gold were found on her.

The Sultan has made another step towards the admission of Europeans into the Mahomedan family. He has sent a Christian (Aristarchi Bey, a Fanariote noble) to be his ambassador at Berlin.

Interesting Exhibition.—A remarkable exhibition recently took place at the Hopkinsville (Tenn.) Fair. Ten brothers, named Brown, all mounted on fine gray horses, rode into the amphitheatre, and displayed their horsemanship, all being good riders. The eldest was aged forty, the youngest twenty. They had not all been together for fifteen years. Their mother was present, and they reined up in front of the glorious matron and saluted her, while she shed tears of joy and pride.

A very singular circumstance happened to a young lady in Cincinnati a few nights since. The evening, or rather all the day previous, she had been complaining of a severe pain in the head and eyes, more particularly the latter. Judge of her astonishment, and that of her friends to find, the morning following, that during the night she had become completely cross-eyed.

WE STILL CAN WAIT.

The leaves have fallen from the trees—
For under them grew the buds of May;
And such is constant Nature's way—
Let us accept the work of her hand;
Still, if the winds sweep bare the height,
Something is left for heart's delight—
Let us but know and understand.

Bertha looked from the rocky cliff—
Whose foot the tender foam-wreaths kist—
Toward the outer circle of mist
That hedged the old and wonderful sea.
Below her, as with endless hope,
Up the beach's marbled slope,
The waters clomb unweariedly.

Many a long-bleached sail, in sight
Hovered awhile—then flitted away
Beyond the opening of the bay.
Fair Bertha entered her cottage late;
"He does not come," she said, and smiled,
"But the shore is dark and the sea is wild,
And, dearest Father, we still must wait."

She hastened to her inner room,
And silently mused there alone,
"Three Springs have come, three Winters gone,
And still we wait from hour to hour;
But earth waits long for her harvest time,
And the aloe, in the northern clime,
Waits a hundred years for its flower.

"Under the apple-boughs as I sit
In May-time—when the robin's song
Thrills the odorous winds along—
The innermost heaven seems to ope—
And I think, though the old joys pass from sight,
Still something is left for heart's delight—
For life is endless, and so is hope.

"If the aloe waits a hundred years—
And God's times are so long indeed
For simple things, as flower and weed,
That gather only the light and gloom,—
For what great treasures of joy and dole,
Of life and death, perchance, must the soul,
Ere it flower in heavenly peace, find room.

"I see that all things wait in trust,
As feeling afar God's distant ends—
And unto every creature he sends
That measure of good that fills its scope:
The marmot enters the stiff'ning mould,
And the worm its dark, sepulchral fold,
To hide there with its beautiful hope."

Still Bertha waited on the cliff,
To catch the gleam of a coming sail—
And the distant whisper of the gale
Winging the unforgotten home;
And hope at her yearning heart would knock,
When a sunbeam on a far-off rock
Married a wreath of wandering foam.

"Was it well?" you ask—nay—was it ill?
Who sate, last year, by the old man's hearth.
The sun had passed below the earth,
And the first star looked his western gate—
When Bertha entered her darkening home,
And smiling said—"He does not come;
But, dearest Father, we still can wait." W.

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

My readers will remember that in my last letter our party had retired to rest preparatory to a grand onslaught on the pheasants and rabbits of Robben Island. At about an hour before daylight I was awakened by voices, and getting up to listen drowsily, at once recognized that of Toots, objecting incredulously, and that of bluff Captain Hale, insisting upon some point with equal determination.

"Come!" said the latter, "out with it! I want to know what you were dreaming about!"

"Ah!—but my dear fellow!—indeed, but you—ah!—you must be mistaken. I never talk in my sleep. You were dreaming yourself!"

"Well! if you haven't the impudence of an organ-grinder!" exclaimed the up and down sailor, completely taken aback, and at a loss what farther to say.

"What was it he said, Hale?" asked Blount and myself, in the same breath.

We were all now thoroughly aroused, rubbing our eyes, and laughing.

"He sang out like a good fellow, something about Kaffirs and monkeys tickling his feet.—And then he said—'Yes, but you know he bites!'" replied Hale.

"He was dreaming about 'the ape!'" we laughed.

"Just what I tell him!" replied the captain, "but he won't acknowledge the corn."

"You Americans are great fellows for slang terms!" said Toots, glad to change the subject.

"What do you object to now?" queried Hale, quickly.

"'Acknowledge the corn!' What do you call that?"

"I suppose you don't *have* any corn in England?" said Hale, inquiringly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Toots; "what do you suppose we fat our 'orses on?"

"Oats!" replied his opponent, in a matter-of-course tone.

"'Oats!'" repeated Toots, in surprise. "What is *oats* but *corn*?"

"*We* call oats, *oats!* and wheat, *wheat!* and corn, *corn!* in the States," was the reply.—"You ought to know what corn is!—*Indian* corn! We sent enough of it over to Ireland a few years back."

"Oh! *Indian* corn! Now I understand you!"

"Well, then, let's take another nap. And mind, Toots! kick toward the master, if that ape gets you by the leg again."

"Don't mention it! don't mention it!" yawned the dreamer; and we laughed ourselves to sleep.

It seemed as if our sleepy laugh was still ringing in my ear, as I suddenly opened my eyes an hour later, and saw the first signs of day breaking in through the open window. I looked at my watch by the fragrant light of a lucifer match, and found that it was after four.—"Come!" I shouted, "make a break, here's day! here's day!" Five minutes passed, and found the master and myself, led on by a keeper, and followed by Nonpareil, trudging around the South-West corner of the village, toward the commencement of our day's sport.

"There!" said the keeper, suddenly—"there, gentlemen! you don't want us any more?"

"No!" we replied, with voices that trembled with excitement. "No! we are obliged to you. My *goodness!*"

The sight which we now looked upon was enough to make a sportsman's voice tremble with excitement, and to cause him to exclaim, "My *goodness!*" I suppose that there could not have been less than one or two thousand rabbits in view; and it was not yet light enough to let us see a hundred yards. The whole opposite hill-side, as well as the intervening hollow, seemed *alive* with their retreating forms. We bent down as low as possible, and with both barrels cocked, commenced our stealthy pursuit down the sandy slope.

"Bang! bang!" suddenly opened the master's barrel, and heels over head tumbled two of the light-heeled fugitives.

"Bang! bang!" I replied with mine, a moment later, and *down into their holes* disappeared two others.

"Got away! by all that's beautiful!" I exclaimed, as I rushed toward said holes, and stood over them in furious disappointment. Nonpareil followed close upon my heels, and shared my annoyance. The master loaded his gun in the distance, and laughed unpleasantly.

"Confound it! What do you think of that, Nonpareil?" I asked, savagely.

"I spec he too close to he hole, sir!" consoled my sable friend.

"I spec he was!" I assented, and then began reloading, while the master passed me in hot pursuit. While I thus loaded, I thought; and as I rammed down the last wad, I had concluded that the only way to hunt them with success, was to cross cautiously toward the successive ridges, straighten myself up when near them, look beyond, and then to blaze away at the heads of the nearest. I felt that unless they were shot dead, they would manage to wriggle themselves into some friendly burrow—and in fact Dr. Minto had told us as much. I must not forget to observe that these burrows were very plentiful. I suppose that there were *half-a-dozen* upon every square of thirty or forty feet.

It was not long before the philosophy of my new plan demonstrated itself. The first ridge that I thus crawled to and peered over, hid from view two fine bucks, contemplatively seated over their holes. I drew upon the head of the nearest, and knocked him into two somersaults, but the other was safely housed before I could attend to him in like manner.

"Pick him up, Nonpareil!"

"Aye-aye, sir!"

I commenced to re-load my empty barrel.

"I don't exac-ly know where he is, sir!" suddenly hailed my sable attendant, with a nonplussed manner.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Hold on a minute! I *know* I killed *that* fellow."

"I don't see him about here, sir! I spec he's in his hole."

I was soon loaded and assisting in the search. I could see but three holes, over two of which the rabbits had been seated.

"That is *too* provoking!" I said, to myself, and continued the search. Presently I noticed several drops of blood near one of the holes, and upon examining the entrance more closely, discovered the wriggling track which the rabbit had made in working himself down it's sloping length. "Aha!" I thought; "you havn't got far down that hole, old fellow. Let us see if we can't reach you," and suiting the action to the word, I stooped down and followed him with my arm.

"Isn't there any snakes about here, sir?" queried Nonpareil, innocently.

I drew my arm out, even a little quicker than I had put it in.

"I didn't think of that, Nonpareil! Perhaps he *might* have company. Eh? Let's reflect a minute."

Similarity of scene suggests similarity of thought! My mind now went back twenty years, to the mountains of Georgia, and settled itself upon an old chestnut tree, up the hollow of which I had chased one of the same animals, with a curly-haired "child's dog," by the high-sounding name of "Pizarro." Upon that occasion I first tried to smoke him down by means of a fire at the mouth of the hollow, and failing in that, next cut a long chestnut sapling, trimmed off the branches, and left a "crotch" at the small end. This I insinuated up the hollow after him, and when it touched "something soft," gave it several twists, and then hauled slowly down. It is hardly necessary to add, that the "crotch" had twisted into his fur, and that he came reluctantly down. "There are no chestnut saplings about here," I reflected, "but my ramrod has a screw on the end, which may answer as well. Let me try it!" Happy result of a youthful reminiscence! I soon felt "something soft," and upon giving the rod two or three turns and drawing it forth, had the satisfaction of bringing a fine buck into daylight. He was quite dead.

Nonpareil regarded the whole proceeding with admiring wonder. His sable mind was evidently not of the inventive order.

"I never saw anything like that about Annap-olis!" he murmured admiringly.

"Pick him up, Nonpareil. Come along!"

The hours flew by; ridge after ridge was thus stalked, and rabbit after rabbit piled upon Nonpareil's expectant shoulders. Still no signs of the great desideratum; nothing like a pheasant to be seen. I began to tire, and to carry my gun carelessly. Suddenly a flock of fifty or sixty got up under our very noses, uttering a sharp, discordant cry, and spreading in every direction.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Nonpareil, stopping short and letting his load fall.

I fired hurriedly at one going directly away from me, and drew a cloud of feathers.

"Oh!" continued my excited follower, in a tone of disappointment.

I next aimed at another—a long shot—and fired. Down came a fine cock, like a lump of lead. I did not now tell Nonpareil to "pick him up"—I trailed my gun and ran for the spot myself. He followed in heated excitement, totally forgetful of the rabbits he was leaving behind.

"Oh, he's a fine fellow!" I remarked enthusiastically; "so fat and heavy."

"Let's heft him, sir!" petitioned Nonpareil, with a satisfaction equal to my own. "Shot through the head, and his wing broke, too!—Well, I declare! Either of them would be a good shot about An-nap-olis, wouldn't they, sir?"

"I rather think they would, Nonpareil!—You see, where there are so many shot in a gun, it's hard to say where they're going to. It isn't every one who can shoot birds in the head!"

My friend said nothing, but was evidently doing a good business at thinking. What between my air of "non-chalancy" with the ape, my feat with the ramrod, and now with my guiding so accurately the flight of two out of so many hundred shot, he was evidently beginning to regard me as something extraordinary. After a minute I was again loaded, and in hot pursuit of the retreating flock.—They had again joined company, alighted, and were now running swiftly over a distant ridge.

"Come along, Nonpareil! Don't forget the rabbits!"

And now ensued some disagreeably hot work. The sun was coming down with unusual power, and the white sand reflected its rays with reacting strength. We ran until we were both out of breath, and until Nonpareil puffed and blew like a grampus in shoal water. Still we could not see that we were gaining upon the birds. In fact they had now reached the rocky beach, passed lightly over a hundred yards or more of sharp, knife-edge-like rocks, and then disappeared behind and between their upright sides. We dropped sensibly therefore into a tottering walk, reached the edge of the rocky knife-blades, and commenced stepping from one to the other, gradually nearing the water's edge, but seeing nothing of the pheasants. We soon tired of this, and after slipping down several times at the expense of our knees and elbows, returned to the sand. As it was now after eight o'clock, we returned slowly to breakfast at our night's lodging.—As we thus approached the village, I was amused to see Nonpareil stopping every now and then to arrange his game in the most expansive manner. "I spec' we'se as well off as any of the other gentlemen!" I heard him soliloquising with satisfied self-complacency.

Upon entering the door of our lodging I was told by the keeper that Hale and Alt had returned long since disgusted by their want of success, and that they were then breakfasting with the doctor and the ladies. He also told me that they were keeping breakfast for the rest of us, and that we were to come to the house as soon as we returned. I looked at my hands and garments, and begged him to say that my appearance was so much more befitting the field than the breakfast-room, that they must really excuse me. Then I made a very fair breakfast of cold ham and bread, four cups of weak coffee, about a teaspoonful of mustard, and any amount of fresh butter. In extenuation of this feat, however, I must say that my usual breakfast consists of a cup of black tea and dry toast. It was therefore the unusual exercise which was voracious, and not John Smith. It seemed that Nonpareil also had been taking unusual exercise. After this wonderful performance I lit a cigar and cleaned my gun, and then we sallied forth again, after pheasants principally this time. Just outside the village we met the master returning under a load of ten or a dozen rabbits. He had seen no birds, however, but was also going out again. We walked on over the hollows and ridges; I looking for pheasants and refusing rabbits; Nonpareil following in deep meditation. It was easy to see he was turning over some knotty question in his inquiring mind, and I momentarily expected him to ejaculate some clue to his trouble. At length it came:

"Mr. Smith, what sort of people is these here?"

Light broke upon me at once. It was the actions of the ape that he had been unable to get over. It is necessary to state that he had been asleep in the boat's bow while we were conversing about lunatics; hence, when we landed, it was the unexpected inspection to which the ape had subjected him, that had first excited suspicions in his mind as to *something being wrong!*

"They are all crazy people, except fifteen, who are keepers, Nonpareil."

Had he been told that his neckerchief was a snake, or notified of any other equally unpleasant truth, I don't think he could have looked more alarmed. He relapsed into an unbroken silence as we struck for the centre of the island, where the keeper had told us the pheasants were most plentiful. Nor were we disappointed. We were soon in the midst of dozens of flocks, each one of which contained from twenty-five to a hundred. They were tearing away over the ridges, in every direction—so wild, in fact, that I only got two in return for three hours' chasing. With these and a dozen more rabbits, we finally returned to the keeper's house, where the rest of the party had collected before us. We found all hands growling over the absence of the "gin cocktail bottles," which, it seems, the gunner's mate had allowed to get broken, in spite of the emphatic warning given him by Hale the previous evening. Alt also had his own private source of trouble, arising from a case of misplaced confidence. Hale, it seems, had loaded his gun heavily with rifle powder, and handed it over to him to arrest the movements of a retreating rabbit. Bang! had gone the gun; and over in the sand had rolled—not the rabbit, but Toots himself. Upon recovering his feet, he found the stock broken completely off. This fact, combined with that of its being a borrowed gun, for which the owner had demanded £8, was enough to make a sportsman of moderate means almost unhappy.

"Of course you'll have to pay for it," remarked Blount.

The victim only rubbed his arm, and smiled a smile of mournful resignation.

Upon thus losing the use of his gun, Hale had taken the doctor's greyhounds and chased down a dozen or more rabbits. This sport was enjoyed amazingly by Toots, and would indeed have been more exciting than gunning, had not the burrows been so close together. The crew also had captured several, partly by chasing them and partly by mares. Thus some idea may be formed of their numbers. They showed us several live ones which they held by their long ears, declaring that they were going to take them on board of the Fleetwood, (Hale's ship) to make pets of. And a week later, when I went on board of her, I saw one of them eating crumbs from his owner's hand. It is a well known fact that the wildest animals are quickly tamed on shipboard.

One of the most amusing incidents of the whole trip was connected with the exertions of the gigantic gunner's mate. He had chased a rabbit into his burrow, and then—*as the sand was soft*—had heartily set to work to *dig him out*. The result may be imagined! After working two hours under the hot sun, he arrived—not at the object of his search; but at a point where the *one* hole became *three*, when he suddenly gave up in disgust. He was still disgusted, as he told me "how near he had come to catching a rabbit, *without any dogs*."

We now made up a purse of £2 for our "keeper" in return for his coffee, services, &c., and then gathering up our game and "traps," got into our boat and were shoved off by the lunatics. Nonpareil maintained a position near the centre of the boat as his wayward friends lined her sides and pushed us into deep water.

"Three cheers for Doctor Minto!" sang out Hale, as we "got to our oars," and pulled outside of the third roller. We waved our hats, and—

"Hip! hip! hurrah!"

"Hip! hip! hurrah!"

"Hip! hip! hurrah!" yelled every one in the boat.

And the hospitable man of medicine took off his hat and bowed; and the lunatics danced about and screamed, and hurraed with delight at the unusual sounds. We could see "the ape" in particular, bouncing upon his hands and knees from side to side, like an India rubber ball.

"Three cheers in return," we heard the doctor exclaim. And then we saw him turn as if speaking to his charges, wave his hat, and look toward our retreating boat.

I never again wish to hear the human voice elevated for a cheer, when the human mind is not present to regulate its notes. There is something inexpressibly sad in its aimless and wayward tones—something almost fearful in its wild uncertainty. Even now the discordant shrieks of those hundred mindless men are grating harshly upon my ear.

A week after this excursion we were again at sea rounding the Cape of Good Hope, and thence steering for Mauritius, or, "the Isle of France," as it is often called. Hereafter I will speak of that beautiful island, upon which, as the reader will doubtless remember, "Paul and Virginia" passed their romantic days.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF THE ORIGIN OF WOOLWICH ARSENAL.—In 1716 there was to be a recast of the damaged guns which had been captured from the French by the Duke of Marlborough. Many persons of distinction had assembled at the Royal Foundry, in Moorfields, to see the performance. Among the observers was a young German of the name of Schalch, who was travelling to improve himself. He noticed that the moulds were moist, and he knew that the heated metal would produce steam, which could not escape from the moulds, and consequently there would be an explosion. He warned the spectators, and sent a message to the head of the department; but the fact was disregarded; consequently, Schalch and his friends withdrew. Shortly after, London was alarmed by a terrible explosion which had taken place at Moorfields, and which had killed and wounded many people. Red tape was at once put on one side, and Schalch was advertised for by the authorities. He was offered the superintendence of a new foundry, and was requested to choose a more suitable site. Woolwich was selected by him, as there was water and space in the immediate neighborhood, besides all other facilities. Schalch soon became master-founder, which office he held during nearly sixty years—namely, till his death in 1776. Thus originated Woolwich Arsenal.—*Chambers's Journal.*

WORDS ALTERING IN MEANING.—What a multitude of words, originally harmless, have assumed a harmful as their secondary meaning! how many worthy have acquired an unworthy. Thus, "knave" meant once no more than lad; "villain" than peasant; a "boor" was only a farmer; a "churl" but a strong fellow. "Time-server" was used two hundred years ago quite as often for one in an honorable, as in a dishonorable sense, "serving the time."

There was a time when "conceits" had nothing conceited in them; "officious" had reference to offices of kindness, and not of busy meddling; "moody" was that which pertained to a man's mood, without any gloom or sullenness being implied. "Demure" (which is *desmeure*, of good manners,) conveyed no hint, as it does now, of an overdoing of the outward demonstrations of modesty; in "crafty" and in "cunning" there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill; "craft," indeed, still retains very often its more honorable use, a man's "craft" being his skill, and then the trade in which he is well skilled. And think you that the Magdalen could have *ever* given us "maudlin" in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honor in the world!—*R. Trench, on the Study of Words.*

ORIGIN OF THE TITLES OF PEERS.—Duke is derived from the Latin word *dux*, a leader. Marquis—this title was conferred upon those who held the command of the *marches*, as the boundaries between England and Wales, and England and Scotland were called, when those countries were hostile to this nation. Earl is a title derived from the Saxon word *earl*, noble. The earl formerly had the government of a shire. After the conquest earls were called counts, and from them their shires have taken the name of counties. Viscount, or *vice comes*, was the deputy of the earl. Baron—the title of baron is the oldest in point of antiquity, although the lowest in point of rank, or any order of nobility.—*How we are Governed.*

☞ Vast is the influence of that indefinite entity, which, for want of a better name, we call style.

SCIENTIFIC FISHERMEN.

Professor Owen, at the annual *soiree* of the Leeds Mechanics Institution, related the following anecdote: Some of the working scientific men of London, with a few others, have formed a sort of club; and after our winter's work of lecturing is over, we occasionally sally forth to have a day's fishing. We have for that purpose taken a small river in the neighborhood of the metropolis, and near its banks there stands a little public-house, where we dine soberly and sparingly, on such food as old Isaac Walton loved. We have a rule that he who catches the biggest fish of the day, shall be our president for the evening. In the course of one day, a member, not a scientific man, but a high political man, caught a trout that weighed 3½ lbs.; but earlier in the day he had pulled out a barbel of ½ lb. weight. So while we were on the way to our inn, what did this political gentleman do but with the butt-end of his rod ram the barbel down the trout's throat, (loud laughter) in which state he handed his fish to be weighed. Thus he scored 4 lbs., which being the greatest weight he took the chair. As we were going away for home, a man of science—it was the President of the Royal Society—said to the man of politics, "If you don't want that fine fish of yours, I should like to have it, for I have some friends to dine with me to-morrow." My lord took it home, and I heard no more until we met on the next week. Then, while we were preparing our tackle, the President of the Royal Society said to our high political friend, "There were some very extraordinary circumstances, do you know, about that fish you gave me. (Laughter.) I had no idea that the trout was so voracious; but that one had swallowed a barbel." "I am astonished to hear your lordship say so," rejoined an eminent naturalist; "trout may be voracious enough to swallow minnows—but a barbel, my lord! There must be some mistake." "Not at all," replied his lordship, "for the fact got to my family, that the cook, in cutting open the trout, had found a barbel inside; and as my family knew I was fond of natural history, I was called into the kitchen. There I saw it—the trout had swallowed a barbel, full half a pound weight." "Out of the question, my lord," said the naturalist: "It's altogether quite unscientific and unphilosophical." "I don't know what may be philosophical in the matter—I only know I am telling you a matter of fact," said his lordship; and the dispute having lasted awhile, explanations were given, and the practical joke was heartily enjoyed. And (continued Professor Owen) you will see that both were right and both were wrong. My lord was right in his fact—the barbel was inside the trout; but he was quite wrong in his hypothesis founded upon that fact, that the trout had therefore swallowed the barbel—the last was only matter of opinion.

EPITAPH ON A BAKER.

This baker's fate, kind stranger, stop to scan,
As you along the silent mansion tread;
Though he on earth was not a needy man,
Yet it is true, he often kneaded bread.

By kneading bread his riches did increase,
For, it is said, he heaped up hoards of gold;
His life was flowery, and his end was peace,
And now his oven, like himself, is cold.

A CONTRADICTORY MAN.—On finding how egregiously this humor of opposition possessed him, and that nothing could be started but he threw himself into a pugilistic attitude, I could not resist the temptation to play a little on his foible by gently giving the conversation a *curve* when he had made some strong assertion, and so coming round to an appearance of *agreeing* with him; no sooner done, than I immediately found he was quite as ready to maintain nearly the opposite of his former position. In short, his tongue, like the point of a weathercock, boldly veered round, and faced the prevailing wind, no matter what quarter it might blow from. In very weariness, I thought it advisable sometimes to nod a seeming acquiescence in what he said; and I almost think he would have quarrelled with my *nod*, if he could. But whenever I attempted to modify his statements into something near what I could agree with, I was favored with a defence (not very valid, I admit,) of my own formerly expressed opinions. Among other things, I happened to remark that I thought it curious that after such immense researches, in all parts of the world and among the most sagacious of the medical profession, into the nature and causes of the cholera, so little light had been thrown upon the subject. He, of course, did *not* think it at all strange, and said (what was true enough) that the real causes of almost all diseases are difficult to ascertain. I admitted the justice of the remark; and said that perhaps, considering *that*, we ought to wonder that medicine had made so much progress, than that it had made no more; he was disposed to *doubt* that observation, and thought that "considering their long and patient researches" (just what I had started with in relation to a particular case!) much more might have been done by the unlucky doctors.—*Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq.*

WOMEN AND THE PRESS.—With the growth of the press has grown the direct influence of educated women on the world's affairs. Mute in the Senate and in the church, their opinions have found a voice in the sheets of ten thousand readers. First in the list of their achievements came admirable novels; not because fiction can be written without knowledge, but because it only requires that knowledge which they can most easily attain, the result of insight into humanity. As periodicals have waxed numerous, so has female authorship waxed strong. The magazines demand short graphic papers, observation, wit and moderate learning—women demanded work such as they could perform at home, and ready pay upon performance; the two wants met, and the female sex has become a very important element in the fourth estate. If editors were ever known to disclose the dread secrets of their dens, they only could give the public an idea of the authoresses whose unsigned names are Legion; of their rolls of manuscripts, which are as the sands of the sea.

A FRENCH WOMAN OF GENIUS.—A Parisian letter writer gives the following picture of that gifted but eccentric woman who calls herself George Sand, the author of "Consuelo":—

"The celebrated George Sand never rises before one o'clock in the day; her breakfast is a cup of black coffee without sugar. As soon as she has taken it she descends to the garden, and if she is not too much pressed for time takes a hoe and goes to work at her flower beds. She adores flowers, and has the finest in her neighborhood. She is fond also of animals, and her habitation resembles an ark. Her Havana lap-dog, Marquis, never quits her; she has Bengal parrots, native birds and chickens, for which she has built a palace; she has cows and horses; but for several years has renounced horseback-riding. She has a caprice for turtles, and keeps a small one continually on her work-table. As soon as she gets up in the morning she makes a *cigarette*, and never ceases smoking till she goes to bed again, which is not until ever so much o'clock in the morning."

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.—"I once," says M. Trousseau, "had two brothers for clients, who were twins, and both very rich. They were so like each other that I did not know them apart. But more than this, they had a remarkable pathological similitude. Thus, one of them whom I saw at Nesthermes, suffering from a rheumatic opthalmia, said to me, 'My brother at this moment must have an opthalmia like mine.' And as I dissented to this, he two days afterwards showed me a letter from his brother, who wrote: 'I have my opthalmia, thou must also have thine.' However singular this may appear, it is perfectly true. I have witnessed similar facts. These twins were also both frightfully asthmatic."

THE WATER OF CHINA.—The Chinese have exceedingly bad water. But all who have any pretensions to well being, filter every drop before attempting to use it. To cleanse their river water, and to precipitate its impurities, they stir it up with a hollow bamboo, pierced with small holes, and filled with alum. This practice of itself proves the badness of their water, as alum can precipitate only extreme foulness; but it proves also their care and knowledge.—*Household Words.*

Useful Receipts.

TO MAKE PURE APPLE WINE.—Take pure cider made from sound ripe apples as it runs from the press; put sixty pounds of common brown sugar into fifteen gallons of the cider, and let it dissolve; then put the mixture into a clean barrel, and fill the barrel up to within two gallons of being full of clean cider, put the cask in a cool place, leaving the bung out for forty-eight hours; then put in the bung, with a small vent, until fermentation wholly ceases, and bung up tight, and in one year the wine will be fit for use. This wine requires no racking; the longer it stands upon the lees, the better.

A REMEDY FOR AGUE.—The Rural New Yorker publishes the following, as a simple, safe and sure cure:—Put a teaspoonful of grated wild turnip into two tablespoonsfuls of brandy, sweeten, and take just before the fit comes on. Try it a few times; and you will have no more ague.

TO COLOR STRAW COLOR.—White clover blossoms will color a beautiful straw color. Whether any setting is necessary or not, I do not know, but judge a little alum would be good.—*Rural New Yorker.*

PICKLING APPLES.—Take not over-large, sweet apples, pare them, then in each one put a few cloves. To ten pounds of apples allow three pounds of sugar, a pint and a half of vinegar, and spices, tied up in a cloth—cloves and cinnamon. Boil the apples until tender, taking them out as they become so, boil your syrup but a little longer, then turn over them. If you have no peaches, you will find these excellent, or I am mistaken.—*Ibid.*

CHEDDAR AND PARMESAN CHEESE.—Cheddar cheese is a variety in high repute for its richness, and commands a high price in the market. It is made of new milk only, and contains more fat than the egg. It is, indeed, too rich for ordinary consumption. The milk is set with rennet while yet warm, and allowed to stand still about two hours. The whey first taken off is heated and returned back upon the curd, and, after turning off the remainder, that is also heated and poured back in the same manner, where it stands about half an hour. The curd is then put into the press, and treated very much as the Cheshire up to the time of ripeness.

The Parmesan is an Italian cheese, made of one meal of milk, allowed to stand sixteen hours, to which is added another which has stood eight hours. The cream being taken from both, the skim-milk is heated an hour over a slow fire, and constantly stirred till it reaches about eighty-two degrees, when the rennet is put in and an hour allowed to form the curd. The curd is thoroughly broken or cut, after which a part of the whey is removed, and the curd is then heated nearly up to the boiling point, when a little saffron is added to color it. It then stands over the fire about half an hour, when it is taken off, and nearly all the rest of the whey removed, cold water being added, till the curd is cool enough to handle. It is then surrounded with a cloth, and, after being partially dried, is put into a hoop and remains there two days. It is then sprinkled with salt for thirty days in summer, or about forty in winter. One cheese is then laid above another to allow them to take the salt; after which they are scraped and cleansed every day, and rubbed with linseed oil to preserve them from the attack of insects, and they are ready for sale at the age of six months.—*Flint's Dairy Farming.*

FLEAS, &c., ON DOGS.—Use red-deal shavings for the dogs' beds, which will kill (or drive off) fleas, ticks, and other vermin. If the turpentine in the shavings should irritate the skin, mix straw with them. The kennel should be often white-washed. [This is an old and a very useful method of *preventing* the breed; but in a dog infested with them it will not *destroy* them.—*Ed. London Field.*]

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIBYL'S GRAVE.

BY ELEANOR BERESFORD.

Oh, Frost! sweet Sibyl's place of rest
Pray do not linger by,
To steal the pale tea-rose's breath,
Or close the heart's-ease eye.

Leave undisturbed upon the stone
The wreath of cypress vine,
Nor overtip the cups which hold
The bergamot's rare wine.

Fret not the haughty dahlia's pride,
The bright verbenas spare,
Nor dim the lustrous marigold,
So like her golden hair.

Oh, startle neither bird nor bee
Away from this demesne,
And let the weeping-willow boughs
Retain their robe of green.

Teach Autumn's angry winds, oh Frost,
To be less angry there;
And bid them breathe in that sweet spot
As light as summer air.

Thus cherish all that we have shed,
Of beauty and of bloom,
About that little mound of earth
We call "sweet Sibyl's tomb."

Pittsburg.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF DEACON GOODMAN!

Wherein is Shown the Inconvenience of not Having the "Musical Ear."

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

Deacon Goodwin was extensively known, not merely in his own parish, but throughout several miles of the surrounding country for his amiable disposition, active benevolence, and unquestionable piety. So thoroughly was the deacon's character established, that when the people of the neighboring town saw him pass by, they would say—"That man was rightly named, for if there ever *was a good man*, he is one." And from this there was no dissenting voice. Nay, I am wrong in saying that; for there are some who never hear anybody praised without an interposing and qualifying "but." "He may be well enough on the whole," they will say, "but," &c., &c., and then they will go on and make him out "anything but a clever fellow."

The qualifying "but" must be interposed even in the case of Deacon Goodman. He had a fault. He would sing in meeting. "Call you that a fault?" saith the reader. Well then, kind reader, call it a misfortune. "But why a misfortune?"

I will tell thee. Nature has so formed us, that some have the "musical ear," and others not. Now this "musical ear" has nothing to do with real character, moral or intellectual; but yet the persons who have not the "musical ear" ought never to sing in meeting. If they do, they will be sure to annoy others, and make themselves ridiculous. Deacon Goodman had not the "musical ear." Whether it were the "Messiah," or the "Creation," or Jim Crow and Zip Coon, it was all the same to him, so far as music was concerned; it was just so much singing. Whether the artist were Sivori, or Ole Bull, or poor old John Casco, it was just so much fiddling. He has not the "musical ear," and still less, if possible, the musical voice; but yet he would sing in meeting. And the gentle and respectful remonstrances of the choir leader were met with the unvaried reply, "Singing is praying; you might as well ask me not to pray: I shall sing in meeting."

It is now proper for the biographer to hint at another trait in the good deacon's character. He was rather "set in his way;" or in other words, he was dreadfully obstinate in what he thought a good cause; and he was generally correct in appreciating the merits of the cause.

We all know that musical people are apt to be sensitive and sometimes a little capricious, and who has ever known a theatrical orchestra, or even a village choir, that had not a regular "blow up" at least once a year? Beyond all doubt, Deacon Goodman's singing was a very serious grievance to the choir, and no small annoyance to the congregation. Yet in consideration of his great merits he was indulged; and his regular Sunday performances often drew forth the remark, that if music murder was a sin, Deacon Goodman would have much to answer for. But there is a point beyond which forbearance is no longer a virtue. Great pains had been taken by the choir in getting up a new anthem (selected from Mozart) for a Thanksgiving day, and the very gem of the piece was a solo, which had been assigned to the sweetest voice, and the prettiest little girl in the village. All who attended rehearsals were perfectly delighted with the solo as sung by "little Mary." It was very difficult. It was marked from beginning to end, "Andantino," "Dolce," "Affetuoso," "Crescendo," "Piano," "Pianissimo," with changing keys, and flats and sharps, springing out from unexpected places; but she had conquered it all. Three or four accomplished singers who had come from Boston, to pass Thanksgiving in the country, and who attended the last rehearsal, were in raptures with little Mary's singing. They had heard Tedesco, and Biscaccianti, and Madam Bishop; and yet they said, "for a country girl, she is a prodigy."

In due time, Thanksgiving day arrived; and while the "second bell" was ringing, news came to the village that a very serious accident had happened to the Universalist minister. His horse had thrown him, and either his leg or his neck was broken; the boy who had brought the news had forgotten which. "I hope it is not his leg," said the rich and charitable old church member. When Deacon Goodman heard that remark, he held up his hands and exclaimed "I never!"

Now the deacon dearly loved good preaching, and the meeting-house was to him a "house of feasting." But his religion was of a very practical kind, and although he thought but precious little of his good works, he took care to do a good many of them, and was far from believing with Amsdorf, that "good works are an impediment to salvation." So, said he to Mrs. Goodman, "do you go to the house of feasting, and get all the good you can, and I will go to the house of mourning and do all I can." And away he went to see, and if possible to relieve, the Universalist preacher.

In the meantime the congregation assembled, and the worship proceeded in the usual way. At length came the anthem. It even went beyond expectation. A long "rest" immediately preceded the solo. It was no rest for poor "little Mary." It was the most anxious minute she had ever passed. She arose, blushing and trembling. Her agitation gave a tremor to her voice, which added to the pathos of the music. It was beautiful.

Now, Deacon Goodman always made it a rule when any accident had detained him until after worship had commenced, to come in very softly. How different from the fashionable flourish! All were intent on the solo. None heard and but few saw Deacon Goodman enter his pew, and take up the sheet on which the words of the anthem were printed.

Unlike that of many singers, the articulation of "little Mary" was perfect. The deacon soon found the place; and to the astonishment of the congregation, indignation of the choir, and the perfect horror of little Mary, he "struck in," and accompanied her through the whole solo. Accompanied! "Oft in the stilly night," accompanied by Captain Bragg's battery, would give some notion of it. Poor little Mary was sick a fortnight. "Why don't you cut that old fellow's tongue off?" said one of the Boston singers. "What good would it do?" said the choir leader; "he would howl through his nose." They were all very cross. As for the deacon he looked around as innocent as a lamb, and thought he had sung as well as any of them.

Immediately after meeting, the choir leader called on the minister.

"Sir," said he, "this must stop. If Deacon Goodman sings again, I do not."

"Oh, I know it," said the minister, "I have long felt the difficulty; but what can we do? Deacon Goodman is a most excellent man, and his only faults are that he is rather set in his way and will sing in meeting."

"But Deacon Goodman is a reasonable man," said the choir leader.

"On most occasions," replied the minister.

"Do go and see him, sir, my mind is made up; if he sings in meeting, I do not."

"Deacon Goodman," said the minister, "I have come on a delicate errand; I have come to present the respectful request of the choir that you would not sing in meeting."

The deacon was thunderstruck; but he soon recovered.

"Singing is praying," said he. "They may just as well ask me not to pray; I shall sing in meeting." And on the next Sunday, sure enough he did; louder, and if possible, more inharmonious than ever. The men singers looked daggers at him; the girls hid their smiles behind their music books. Little Mary was not there.

"This shall stop," said the choir leader. "I will go and see him myself."

"Deacon Goodman, we all most highly respect you, as you must well know; but you have not the musical ear nor the musical voice, and it is the earnest wish of the choir, and many of the congregation, that you do not again sing in meeting."

The deacon was again thunderstruck, but soon recovered.

"Singing is praying," said he, "and they might as well tell me not to pray. I shall sing in meeting."

The good deacon was dreadfully set in his way, and so it went on again week after week in the same old way.

But an incident occurred, which contributed much to bring this singular case to a crisis. About two miles from the deacon's comfortable dwelling, there was a wretched hovel, which imperfectly sheltered the wretched wife and children of a still more wretched drunkard.

Now one of the most inclement evenings of a New England January, the deacon and his family were cheerfully and thankfully enjoying a glorious hickory fire; Mrs. Goodman was sewing for the family, and her daughters for the Missionary Society. His son was reading the Massachusetts Ploughman, and the good man himself was just finishing off a sermon by a distinguished divine of his own denomination, when bang went the front door, and in came his good neighbor and his own beloved and respected minister. "Why! I never!" said Deacon Goodman, "what has brought you along in such a night as this?" Now, the minister had his peculiarities as well as the deacon. Among others, he was very close mouthed about his good deeds. He merely answered, "I have been about my duty, I hope." The fact was he had been to visit, and to talk, and pray with a poor dying negro. "'Seems to me you are rather crusty," said the deacon, "but I suppose you are half frozen, and so sit down and thaw yourself out." "I thank you," said the minister, "but I merely called to tell you that I have just left a scene of misery; and I want you to go there as early as you can in the morning. On my way here and home, I passed that wretched hovel which we all know so well. I felt it my duty to stop and learn the cause of the terrible uproar within. I found the wretch beating his wife, and her screams and his horrid oaths made my blood run cold. I knocked the rascal down; ('served him right,' said the deacon,) and I think he will be quiet until morning; but do go as early as you can." "Od rabbit the varmint," said Deacon Goodman, "and od rabbit the eternal, blasted rum shop." That was the nearest to swearing that the deacon was ever known to come.

"Put old Mag in the wagon," said he to his son. "Deacon, don't go to-night," said Mrs. Goodman. "Do wait till morning," said all his daughters. "Let me go," said his son.—"Mind your own business," said the deacon, to all of them; "I shall go to-night." When it came to that, they knew there was no more to be said. He was dreadfully "set in his way." He took a bag and a basket and went down cellar. He filled the bag with potatoes. He took a piece of pork from one barrel, and a piece of beef from another, and put them in the basket. He went to the closet and took a brown loaf and a white one. He went to the wood-pile and took an armful of wood, and told his son to take another. All was put in the wagon, he not forgetting six candles and a paper of matches. Deacon Goodman needed no secondary motive to Christian duty! yet historical truth demands the concession, that the wife of the poor drunkard was his first love. She jilted him, or as we Yankees say, "gave him the mitten," in favor of the abject wretch who was now become her tyrant. And this was the way he "fed fat the ancient grudge" he owed her. The truth is, Deacon Goodman knew nothing about grudges, ancient or modern. The old Adam would occasionally flare up, but he always got him under before sundown.

All was ready in five minutes; the deacon was exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm. But what did he care for the storm? "I am going on God's errand," said he, to himself. "I am going to visit the worse than widow and fatherless." The next thing he said was, "Oh, get out." That he meant for the promptings of his own proud heart.

Misery, misery indeed, did he find in that most miserable dwelling. And, withal, the poor wretch himself was dead drunk on the floor. The poor, pale woman was sobbing her very heart out. The children were clamorous: and but few were the words of their clamor,—"I am cold—I am hungry"—and that was all. The deacon brought in the wood, made up a fire, lighted a candle, and emptied the bag and basket. The poor, pale woman wept and sobbed her thanks. "Oh, you varmint," said the deacon, as he looked at the husband and father, and broke off a piece of bread for each of the children. The general commotion aroused the poor wretch from his drunken stupor. He looked up and recognized the deacon.

"Hallo, old music," said he, "are you here? give us a stave, old nightingale. Sing as you do in meeting. Sing and scare the rats away." "Why, what on earth does the critter mean?" said the deacon. The poor, pale, grateful woman smiled through her tears. She could not help it. She had been a singer in her better days; she had also heard the deacon sing.

I do not record these incidents merely because they are honorable to Deacon Goodman, but because they are particularly connected with my story. In this errand of mercy the good deacon caught a very serious cold; it affected his throat and his nose, and even his lungs; and gave to his voice a tone not unlike to that of the lowest note of a cracked bass viol alternating with the shriek of a clarionet powerfully but unskillfully blown. On Saturday evening he soaked his feet in hot water, drank copiously of hot balm tea, went to bed and said he felt comfortable. "Now, deacon," said Mrs. Goodman, "you are dreadful hoarse—you won't sing to-morrow, will you?"—"Singing is praying, and—" he dropped asleep. And sure enough, he did "sing to-morrow," and it surpassed all that he had done before.—"This is the last of it," said the choir leader, "I have done." In the afternoon the choir was vacant, some of the singers absent, and others scattered about in the pews. The minister read three verses of a psalm, and then observed: "The choir being absent, singing must necessarily be omitted." But Deacon Goodman saw no such necessity. He arose and sung the three verses himself. He stopped six times to sneeze; and blew his nose between the verses by way of symphony! The next day he was sick abed.

A parish meeting was hastily called, and a resolution unanimously passed, that—"Whereas, the solemnity and decorum of public worship depend much on the character of the music: Resolved, that hereafter, no person shall sing in meeting, in this parish, without the approbation of the choir!" Rather a stringent measure; but what could they do? The minister called on Deacon Goodman, and handed him the resolution. He read it over three times. He then calmly folded up the paper, and handed it back to the minister. "This is a free country yet, I hope. I shall sing in meeting." He said those very words! He was dreadfully "set in his way."

"Then, deacon," said the minister, "I have a most painful duty to perform; I am instructed to tell you, that your connection with the society must cease." The deacon here started from his seat. Had the full moon split into four pieces, and danced a quadrille in the heaven, Orion singing, and the Northern Bear growling bass, he could not have been more astounded. He was silent. Emotion after emotion rolled over his heaving spirit. "At length tears came to his relief," as they say in the novels. He spoke, but almost inarticulately. "I know I am a poor, unworthy creature, but I hope they will take me in somewhere." The minister wept himself. How could he help it?

The deacon's cold was nearly cured; and about an hour after the interview, he was seen mounted on old Mag, heading due north. Four miles in that direction, lived the worthy minister of another parish. The deacon found him in his study, where also was his daughter, copying music. She was a proficient in the art, and played the organ in her father's church. She had heard of the deacon's musical troubles, and had also heard him sing. "Sir," said he to the minister, "there has been a little difficulty in our parish, which makes me feel it my duty to withdraw; and I have come to ask the privilege of uniting with yours." (At that moment the young lady vanished from the room.)

"I much regret the difficulty in your parish," said the minister, "and hope it will be amicably settled. But if you finally conclude to withdraw, we shall be most happy to receive you; and when it shall please the Lord to take good old Deacon Grimes to Himself, (and a very few days must now give him his dismission,) we shall expect you to sit in his seat. After half an hour's pleasant conversation, the deacon rose to take his departure. At that moment, a boy came in and handed a billet to the minister. He glanced at the billet, and "Deacon, sit down one moment," said he. He read the billet, and after some hesitation, said, "I have received a singular communication, from our choir leader; he has somehow or other heard of your intention to join our society; and has heard of it with very great pleasure; but, he adds that it is the earnest and unanimous wish of the choir, that you will not sing in meeting." The deacon was again electrified, but had got used to the shock; "Singing is praying; and I join no church where I cannot sing in the meeting—good-day, sir." He was very "set in his way."

Five miles west of his own dwelling, lived the good pastor of another flock. The deacon found him shelling corn in his crib. This minister, although eminently pious, thought it no harm to be a little waggish in a good cause, and for a worthy object. He also had heard of the deacon's musical troubles, and shrewdly suspected the object of his visit. "Deacon Goodman, I am glad to see you," said he, "this is not exactly ministerial labor, is it?" "I am of a different opinion," said the deacon, "any honest and useful labor is ministerial labor; I hate all dandies—the Lord forgive me, I don't like them; and I like a dandy minister least of any." "You and I are agreed there," said the minister; "come, walk into the house and see my wife; she says she is in love with you for your honesty and your oddities." "I never!" said the deacon, "but I thank you, I am in something of a hurry; and have a little business which we can just as well settle here. There has been a little difficulty in our parish, which makes me feel it my duty to withdraw, and I have come to ask the privilege of joining yours." At this the reverend gentleman looked surprised. "Is it possible," said he; "well, deacon, though an ill wind for them, it is a good one for us; for it has blown you hither. We shall be most happy to receive you, especially as our choir leader has followed the multitude and gone West. We have been looking about for a competent man to take his place. Our singers are all young and diffident, and each one is loth to take the lead. We hear that you sing the most difficult music, and—"

"Why, mercy upon you," said the deacon. "I don't know one note from another. I know that singing is praying; and I sing in meeting as I pray in meeting."

"Excuse me, my friend," replied the minister, "it is your modesty that now speaks;—you do understand music, you must understand music, or you could never sing Mozart with proper expression; and did not you sing that most beautiful solo, which is worthy of an angel's ear and voice?" Now this was all Greek to the deacon, and like a sensible man as he was, he always said nothing when he had nothing to say. "You said truly," continued the minister, "'that singing is praying.'—But to those who know nothing of music, it is praying in an unknown tongue, and I am sure you do not approve of that. Music is a language, and, like other languages, must be learned before it can be spoken. When the deaf and dumb attempt to speak our common language, they make strange noises, and still worse noises do we make when, without the musical voice or musical ear, we attempt to sing."

Thus sensibly did that good minister speak. The deacon was a good deal "struck up;" though *set in his way*, he was not a fool, and only needed to be touched in the right place. "It never appeared to me in that light before," said the deacon, thoughtfully.

"And yet, my friend, it is the true light," said the minister. "And now do let me give you a word of advice: go home, and take your old seat on Sunday, and never again attempt to sing in meeting; for if your heart is right, your ear is untuned; and your voice, though kind, is anything but musical."

The deacon "said nothing, but thought the more." He mounted old Mag. The angel of reflection came down and sat upon her mane, and looked him full in the face. Reader, does that seem incongruous? Is the old mare's mane an improper seat for an angel? I am afraid you are proud. Who once rode on an ass?

The deacon passed a point in the road where on one side was a sturdy oak, that had been blown over by a recent whirlwind, and on the other a flourishing willow, gracefully bending before the passing breeze. "Od rabbit," said the deacon to himself, it was the first word he had spoken, "to think that I should be such an obstinate old fool."

He approached his own village. The reason for his errand abroad had been strongly suspected, and they were all on the look-out for his return. There stood the choir leader.—"Welcome home, deacon," said he, "hope we have not lost you yet." "Get out," said the deacon, with a good natured but rather sheepish look; and on he went. There stood the minister,—"Welcome home, deacon, I hope we have not lost you yet." "Get—" he was just going to say, get out, but habitual reverence for the minister cut him short. He looked at the minister, and the minister looked at him, and both burst into a fit of laughter.—The choir leader came up and took the deacon's hand, and joined in the merriment. "Od rabbit you all," said he, and on he went. At the front door and windows of his own house, were his wife and daughters, and two or three of the singing girls, "all of a titter." They had seen and heard his interview with the minister, and knew that all was well. "Od rabbit the whole bunch of you," said he, and went to put old Mag in the stable.

Deacon Goodman took his old seat on Sunday, but since that day's adventure, has never sung in meeting. Once, and but once, did he attempt to raise a Psalm on his own private account. He was in his barn, putting hay in the cow's manger. Now, the neighbors were always ready to do a good turn for Deacon Goodman; and before he had finished the first verse, two of them rushed in and asked him if his cow was choked! He never sung again!

A BARBAROUS SANITARY LAW.—When the plague was in Edinburgh, in the autumn of 1569, the "Good Regent" (Moray,) had ordered that every family in which it appeared should remove their sick to the Borcuhmuir under penalty of death, and actually hanged one tenderhearted husband for presuming to conceal the fact that his wife was attacked with the pestilence, and nursing her in his own house, instead of hauling her forth to perish miserably among the unsheltered victims of this barbarous sanitary law.—*Lives of the Queen's of Scotland, by Agnes Strickland.*

THE GIFT OF LOVE.

"Give me," I said, "that ring,
Which on thy taper finger gleams;
Sweet thoughts to me 'twill bring,
When summer's sunset beams
Have faded o'er the western sea,
And left me dreaming, love, of thee!"

"Oh! no!" the maiden cried;
"This shining ring is bright, but cold:
That bond is loosely tied
Which must be clasped with gold!
The ring would soon forgotten be:
Some better gift I'll give to thee!"

"Then give me that red rose,"
Said I, "which on thy bosom hearse,
In ecstasied repose,
And droops its blushing leaves:
If thou wouldst have me think of thee,
Fair maiden, give the rose to me!"

"Oh! no!" she softly said,
"I will not give thee any flower:
This rose will surely fade;
It passes with the hour:
A faded rose can never be
An emblem of my love for thee!"

"Then give me but thy word—
A vow of love—'twere better yet,"
I cried: "who once has heard
Such vows, can ne'er forget!
If thou wilt give this pledge to me,
Nor ring nor rose I'll ask of thee!"

"Oh! no!" she said again;
"For spoken vows are empty breath,
Whose memory is vain
When passion perisheth:
If e'er I lose my love for thee,
My vows must all forgotten be!"

"Then what," I asked, "wilt thou,
Oh, dearest! to thy lover give?
Nor ring, nor rose, nor vow,
May I from thee receive;
And yet, some symbol should there be
To typify thy love for me!"

Then dropped her silvery voice
Unto a whisper soft and low:
"Here, take this gift—my choice—
The sweetest love can know!"
She raised her head all lovingly,
And smiling, gave—a kiss to me!

FRIGHTFUL, BUT FASHIONABLE.

"We were staying at Sir Walter de Courcy's when it happened," she said. "Do you know Sir Walter? Charming person: a most distinguished person; a person whom if you met in the street, you would turn round and say to yourself, 'that is certainly a person of consequence.' He was made a baronet, I believe, by Edward, the Black Prince; that is to say, at least, there was a baronetcy in the family so early as the battle of Crecy: well, if there were no such title, it may have been a knighthood,—indeed it must have been; but odd it must have seemed (one can scarcely fancy it!) to have been entirely without baronets. He lives at Doon Hall, you know, in Suffolk; a most charming spot; quite an ancestral spot, as it were; deer and fern, and park and glade, and armorial bearings in stone all over the front door. Well, with a numerous party in the house, you may well imagine that the days passed pleasantly enough, and the evenings—when the men had done with their shooting stories, and there was dancing in the great hall, and a little champagne supper always afterwards—were certainly especially delightful. Positively, the house was so full, that, huge as it was, and dull and mysterious, and with the reputation of course of being haunted, I never once so much as dreamt of being afraid at night: to be sure, I slept with Eleanor Howard, who is as bold as a lion, and fears nothing in the world or out of it, with the exception of a black beetle, which, as you must have heard, has been the failing of her family ever since the Conquest, and one which they are excessively proud of—and we two used to sit up until the small hours with the Maitland girls, who occupied the next room. We had just parted from them at about two o'clock on a certain morning, and were about to open our own door, when who should we see coming out of Sir Walter's own room, at the end of the corridor, but a real, live burglar. He had a black mask on and a dark lantern, and he looked terrible beyond description, as you may believe. We rushed inside, and turned our key like lightning, so that I was on the sofa in hysterics, and Eleanor screaming murder through the keyhole at the pitch of her voice, within a half-minute; but though we roused the house by these methods almost immediately, our burglar had yet time to get out of sight. Of his presence there was, luckily for our reputation as witnesses, no possibility of a doubt, for the ladder by which he came still leant against Sir Walter's dressing-room window, and the marks of the intruder's soppy footprints—for it was a wet night out of doors—were plainly visible upon the carpets. Never shall I forget the scene of confusion which ensued. Prince Donnerblitzen came forth from his apartment in a silver-spangled dressing-gown, with the poker in his hand. The Count de Milletonneres—who came last, by-the-bye, not having been able, in his valet's absence, and in the dark, to tie his neckcloth to his mind—appeared with a drawn coutean de chasse and in full costume and something over. He had forgotten to take his yellow silk nightcap off, and it was not becoming. Lionel, who, I am sorry to say, was sitting up in the smoking-room when the alarm was given, had a cigar in his mouth.

Lord Senex, poor gentleman! would not have looked more than twenty years worse than he did the preceding evening, in spite of his having omitted to put on his wig, had he not left his teeth behind him. Nor were the ladies at all better prepared for general inspection than the other sex. Eleanor and myself being, by reason of our late hours, the only fortunate exceptions. The Maitland girls, indeed, might have appeared less dishevelled if they had chosen to do so; but they were charmed with the opportunity thus afforded them of letting their back-hair down, and showing all the world how long it was, an advantage they did not neglect. As for our friend Miss Emmeline Cecil, I confess that her appearance gave me some malicious pleasure on account of the reason which she gave us for that profusion of natural curls. "It *will* curl," she used to say, "although I would give anything to wear it plain, like other people." She was most accurately attired and perfectly self-possessed, (the little wretch!) and beamed on her preserver, as she called him, Mr. Lionel, as bewitchingly as ever, except that she had omitted to remove her curl-papers. I really felt for her when she should first look in the glass and find it out. I confess, however, I could at first think of nothing but the burglar and of the murder that it was more than possible might yet be done. The gentlemen were dispersed whooping and hallooing all over the house, save one who kept watch in Sir Walter's dressing-room, lest the villain should endeavor to make his exit by that way. We ladies were all huddled together on the centre landing of the great staircase, where there is a large bay-window, used, they say, a good deal for flirting upon ball nights. I don't know the place myself, but with its couple of orange-trees and conversation-chair, and heavy blue satin curtains upon either side, it looks, I must say, charming enough from the outside.

Some of our party there assembled had doubtless very pleasant memories connected with this bower; but they were too much terrified to entertain them at such a time. What was going on elsewhere in the house was like some very horrible game at hide-and-seek, with the addition that the person who was to jump out upon the seekers (in the very terrifying manner peculiar to that game) would probably have a loaded pistol in one hand and a loaded stick in the other. As doors opened or shut, the noise of the search increased or diminished, but we could almost always hear something of it in a—"There he is, Prince!—give it him with the poker!" from Mr. Lionel, who enjoyed the hunt amazingly; or in the more serious—"Come out, you ruffian, or I'll shoot you like a dog!" from Sir Walter, when he imagined that the object of his pursuit was harboring in this or that dark corner. Once we heard a gun go off, and then a tremendous trampling of feet, which made us all cling to one another in terror; but the Count de Milletonneres appeared immediately afterwards to calm our fears by explaining that the weapon had gone off by accident.

"We are now," he added, "about to search the cellars, ladies, and then—unless from an overstrained philanthropy you are yourselves concealing this gentleman—we shall not know where to look for him."

A little more opening and shutting of doors, a few calls for candles, a smothered voice or two from underneath the Hall itself, and then—silence. We were now left entirely unprotected, and out of the reach of masculine aid.

"Gracious goodness!" cried Miss Emmeline, "only think if the gentlemen should have looked over him somewhere, and he were to come out upon us now!"

This was precisely the idea which we were each of us endeavoring to banish from our minds, and which, expression having been thus given to it, re-possessed us with double strength. I do not suppose that thirteen women ever passed such a quarter of an hour in company before. There was not a single word spoken by any of us till the gentlemen re-appeared. The search was then given up as utterly fruitless, and we retired to our respective rooms just as it was about getting daylight.

The worst part of this terrible story remains behind. When the housemaids went about their work the next morning, they found in that bay-window upon the stairs, and within one of those curtains in front of the flirting-place, the list slippers which the burglar had worn over his hob-nailed shoes; the prints of which were visible under the window he had escaped by.

The robber had been standing—in blue satin—in the very centre of us during all those weary hours. He had listened to our conversation, and been the subject of it—the receptacle of our fears and our re-assurances. Nay, it is more than probable that we had leant against him confidentially, under the very false impression that he was only a curtain-peg. Certainly no individual of his position in the social scale was ever in the intimate and domestic society of so many ladies of fashion before. Miss Emmeline, in particular, had made no stranger of him: but, as I have observed, had even exhibited her luxuriant tresses *en papillote*.

The Count de Milletonneres persists in stating that we purposely concealed this unhappy wretch from his pursuers.

A LITTLE LEARNING IS A GOOD THING.—"Of all the prate that has ever been prated, from Pope's time to this, the prate against superficial knowledge," says the *London Examiner*, "is the shallowest. A little knowledge is not a dangerous thing. A little knowledge is incomparably safer and better than none. A little knowledge must precede much knowledge. There was of necessity a stage in the progress of Newton when he was superficial. No human genius can, at a bound, rise from ignorance to the heights of knowledge. Some minds may go far, some a little way; but let none be deterred from moving by the commonplace cant against the superficial; for when one stage, however short, is made good, it opens the way, and tempts to further progress. Swimming is a very superficial thing—few things more so—but it is a preliminary to diving, which cannot be dispensed with. We are all of us superficial. One man is a little deeper than another in one direction, and shallower in others, and so on, but no one has to boast of profundity."

"It is Bulwer, we believe," adds the *North American*, "who says that it is more desirable to know a great many things superficially than one or two things profoundly. The mind is more variously exercised in the acquisition, accumulates a greater store of knowledge, and is better fitted to accomplish great results. Dr. Johnson was much of the same opinion. He was an advocate of desultory reading. A prescribed task is apt to be distasteful, but if one is permitted to read whatever possesses a present interest, the habit of reading is acquired, and as the mind grows more active and vigorous from exercise, so it demands more solid nutriment."

FOREIGN NEWS.

IRELAND IN DANGER—DISPUTE BETWEEN FRANCE AND RUSSIA—ITALIAN AFFAIRS—COTTON LOWER, &c., &c.

The steamship Asia, from Liverpool, with dates to Saturday, the 30th ult., arrived at New York on the 11th.

The Eastern City, burned near the Cape of Good Hope, was not the steamer of that name, but an emigrant ship bound to Australia. Only one life was lost. The vessel was built at Boston, but owned in England. The loss is estimated at $100,000, with a heavy insurance.

A new Company for the Great Eastern steamer has been duly organized.

It is said that the Portuguese indemnity to France has been reduced to 108,000 francs.

A strong article by Count Montalembert, published in the "*Correspondant*," has caused the seizure of that journal and the prosecution of the writer and publisher.

Spain is about to favor the importation of tobacco from the Phillipines to the detriment of the American planters.

All the transports and troops intended to act against Mexico had sailed for Cuba.

Several parliamentary elections in England, to fill vacancies, had resulted in favor of the liberals. A vacancy had also occurred in the representation of Manchester, by the death of Sir John Potter.

The Conference of the Evangelical Alliance was in session at Liverpool. The Rev. Dr. Patton, of New York, was taking a prominent part in the proceedings.

The political event of the week had been a great demonstration at Birmingham, in honor of Mr. Bright, member of Parliament, and his delivery of a telling speech on the subject of Parliamentary reform.

Mr. Bright's remarks attracted great attention as an indication of the policy of the extreme radical party. He eulogized the American elective franchise, an equal distribution of representation and the ballot-box, and pledged himself to support the Reform Bill providing for such a system in England.

Great uneasiness exists in Ireland with regard to the formation of a new order of seditious societies, which are spreading over the country, and whose members bind themselves not to divulge their plans to the Priests. They are supposed to derive inspiration and money from America.

In connection with these societies the projected visit of a New York Irish Regiment to Ireland is looked upon with suspicion, and the Dublin Evening Mail calls the attention of the Government to the subject.

Prince Napoleon is said to have sided with Portugal in the recent dispute between Portugal and France.

The Paris correspondent of the London Post asserts positively that the French Government is resolved to put a stop to the importation of free negroes into the French colonies.

Ten Broeck's horse Barbarity ran a race at New Market against Count Batthyani's Olympus, each owner riding their respective horses. Barbarity was the winner.

Mr. McGowen, the American contractor, at Sebastopol, writes to Galignani's Messenger, denying the report that his efforts to raise the sunken ships had failed, and the enterprize abandoned. He had already raised, since May, six vessels in good condition, and removed several others.

France has ordered a regular service of steamboats between the Bay of Japan and Hong Kong and Canton.

The articles in the Paris papers on the concessions made by Portugal are very triumphant. The Patrie observes that, on the whole, the arrangement of the France Portuguese conflict is an additional victory for the foreign policy of France. The Siecle avails itself of the opportunity to treat of the right to visit, and the obnoxious interference of one nation with the ships of another in general. It says: "France carrying on the slave trade officially, with the *tri-colored flag displayed, is an accusation in* which it is hard to say whether folly or insult is predominant. That accusation is now disavowed and effaced. The reality of the maritime rights of nations not only better guarantees the dignity of the different flags, but we consider that by leaving to each State greater liberty of action, it would be more efficacious against the infamous traffic of slaves."

The litigated point between the French and Brazilian Governments with respect to the boundaries of French Guiana will, it is said, be decided in favor of France. The point arises from an obscurity of language in the Treaty of Utrecht. The Emperor of Brazil asserts that the river Oyapock is the same as the Vincent Pincon. France contends that the Vincent Pincon is the same river as the Carapopoure. A discovery lately made in the archives of Seville decides in favor of France. A certified copy of the Seville document has been received in Paris.

AN AMERICAN INVASION OF IRELAND.—Under the above head the Evening Mail publishes the subjoined curious communication in reference to the contemplated visit to Ireland of the 69th (an American regiment), the announcement of which has already appeared in the Times, on the authority of one of the numerous Hiberno American journals:

"BANTRY, Oct. 26.—I am glad to see that the Evening Mail has directed the attention of the government to the proposed landing in this country of a regiment of armed men from America, commanded by Colonel Ryan. There are just grounds for the exercise of caution in this matter, as I am sorry to inform you that seditious societies have been discovered in this neighborhood as well as in other places in the west of the county of Cork. They are also creeping inland, and have made some progress in the neighboring county of Kerry. A strange peculiarity pervades this movement. The members of the society bind themselves not to divulge their plans to the priests, and where spoken against from the altar, they denounce the priests as despots, as bad as the rest of their tyrants. They are supposed to derive inspiration from America, and money also. They declare their intention to rise in arms whenever there may be any difference with France or America. The government is, I believe, aware of these facts. At present the whole thing is very contemptible, but it affords fair grounds for preventing the gallant 69th from marching through this country in arms, and encamping in military fashion, to keep up the hopes of Irish rebels. The strange point in the matter is excluding the priests, and without them they can do nothing beyond producing another cabbage garden campaign."

QUARREL BETWEEN FRANCE AND RUSSIA.—MARSEILLES, Oct. 23.—A nice little quarrel has arisen between France and Russia, such as in the good olden time might have led to an immediate war, and in regard to which the newspapers have observed a discreet silence. It appears that, early in last June, a strong Russian police force, backed by two hundred Cossacks, invaded the dwellings of sixty-three French tradesmen, settled in Sebastopol, arrested and conveyed them on board of a Russian vessel, (the Balaklava,) which transported them to Odessa, where they were left without resources, and many of them plunged into the deepest state of distress. A month before that occurrence, the Cossacks had seized four French workmen, and marched them on foot, like felons, to Simferopol. The reasons of this expulsion of so many respectable persons, and the grounds on which Russia could justify such a violation of international law, as well as the laws of humanity, exposing the property of unoffending French subjects to plunder and confiscation, no one can tell. The Russian Government is bent on observing an absolute silence, and appears impervious to all remonstrance.

The French ironmasters were again complaining of the insufficient protection of their interests, to enable them to compete successfully against foreign iron.

SPAIN.—The China mails to Sept. 13, from Hong Kong, had arrived. The news had been anticipated by telegraph. A great number of piratical vessels had been captured and sunk by the British cruisers. In the Pekin *Gazette* the term "barbarian" continued to be used towards foreigners.

THE CHRISTIANS IN MOROCCO.—The position of the few Christians in Morocco appears to be exceedingly critical. The following is an extract from a letter received from Mr. Barrow, the British consul at Rabat, bearing date September, 1, 1858—"Fanaticism is daily and visibly gaining ground. Our houses are now secured as well as bars, bolts, and firearms can make them. Communications between the French vice consuls and merchants, and my vice consulate, are opened, so that in a moment of danger all would come to my house, which is the most secure and easily defended. And in that little gloomy room over the entrance, where your baggage was placed, I have collected about twenty pounds of powder—choosing rather, if it be God's will, that all who are dear to me should thus perish than risk the horror of seeing their lives cut away piecemeal, their persons desecrated, and their remains thrown to the dogs."

TURKEY.—LADY STRATFORD IN THE HAREM.—Lady Stratford de Redcliffe, it is said, paid a visit to the Sultan's harem, to exhort the ladies who inhabit those blissful regions cheerfully to second their lord and master in his economical projects. She gave them much practical advice, and explained that if they would learn to live *a la Francaise*, they might enjoy much more luxury than they now do for a tenth part of the expense. It is stated that the eloquent speech of her ladyship excited great enthusiasm in the harem, but the letter concludes with the expression of a doubt whether the recommendation will be acted upon.

The Constantinople correspondent of the London Times, writing on the 16th October, says: "The fine American frigate Wabash, the arrival of which I noticed in my last, has caused no small excitement at the Porte, as well as among diplomatists. It seems no one was aware of the size of the vessel, and according to the working of the application which was made at the Porte for her passage through the Dardanelles, a vessel of small size was expected. Of course, size is a relative idea, and probably what is large at Stamboul may look small in New York. As America is not a party to the treaty, which fixes twenty-one guns as the limit of the size of any man-of-war allowed to pass the Dardanelles, I don't know whose idea of large and small will ultimately prevail; in the meantime the frigate is the lioness of the Golden Horn, and unless the diplomatists resolve to sink her under the weight of their despatches, I am afraid it will be rather difficult to move her out of the comfortable position which she occupies in the teeth of treaties and ambassadors."

A Constantinople telegram, of the 16th, says: "The U. S. Legation obtained a firman to admit only a corvette. On the appearance of the Wabash,' the Porte drew up a protest, a copy of which was sent to the ambassadors of the great powers, and the American ship prepared to withdraw.

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN ITALY.—A letter from Piedmont, dated the 29th instant, gives the following sketch of the present state of affairs in Italy:

The Piedmontese propagandism is extending throughout Italy, in consequence of the fusion that has recently been effected between the various political parties. This fact is of the highest importance for all. The curse of Italy hitherto has been its disunion; but now I am enabled to inform you that Moderates, Constitutionalists, Democrats and dissenting Mazzinians have all come to an understanding, and are united under one banner, namely, national independence, with the supreme direction of Piedmont. The *mot d'ordre* has gone throughout the Peninsula, and it is received everywhere *with enthusiasm. You will, therefore,* not be astonished to learn the great excitement of the public mind, but especially in Central Italy.

THE YOUNG ENGLISH PRINCES.—The Prince of Wales, we are told, is about to enter the army, and Prince Alfred has already taken his position as cadet on board Her Majesty's ship Euryalus, at Spithead. We are told by one of the morning journals, in the confidence of the Court, that the young sailor will enjoy no privileges beyond those of the other cadets attached to the Euryalus, except that his servant has a cabin allotted to him; but his "kit" is of the usual character. The chest and outfit, devoid of all superfluities, have been duly inspected by the Queen and the Prince Consort, at Buckingham Palace. These youth are certainly entering on the business of life under circumstances more favorable than those which attended the sons of George the Third, and it is to be hoped that they will make better men and citizens than some of the uncles. They need not be models of perfection to do this.

AUSTRIA.—Sixteen thousand Minie Rifles, intended for the Bosnian insurgents, had been seized on the frontier.

INDIA.—Active operations in India by Sir Colin Campbell, were not expected before Oct. 16th.

JAPAN.—Lord Elgin's Japan treaty is reported to be almost identical with the American treaty.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 29.—The sales of Cotton for the week were 33,000 bales, all qualities having declined from ⅛@¼d.

The sales to speculators were only 500 bales, and 5000 to exporters. Middling Orleans has declined ¼d. The sales to-day (Friday) were 5000 bales, the market closing very dull.

Manchester advices are unfavorable; all qualities of goods have declined.

Breadstuffs are very dull. Flour closed with a declining tendency; choice Ohio steady at 22@24s. Wheat closed with a declining tendency, middling and lower qualities have declined 1@2d. Corn also very dull and quotations are nominal.

PROVISIONS.—Beef heavy; the market closed with little inquiry and prices weak. Pork dull; Bacon heavy, with a decline on inferior qualities, and all kinds are somewhat lower. Lard heavy at 55@56.

PRODUCE.—Rice dull; prices easier, but quotations unchanged. Rosin dull at 3s 10d@4s for common. Spirits of Turpentine steady at 39s 6d @40s 6d.

LIVERPOOL, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 30.—Cotton market very flat; 5000 bales sold. Breadstuffs quiet.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, Oct. 29.—The funds are inactive, and the market dull. Money is abundant. American securities are inactive. State stocks scarce, and nothing doing in railway bonds or shares.

Propositions have wings, but operation and execution have leaden feet.—*Lord Bacon.*

ENGLAND A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS.—The expression "a nation of shopkeepers," so often applied to the English, has been commonly attributed to Napoleon, but it is found in an oration of Samuel Adams, delivered in Philadelphia, August 1, 1776, republished in French at Paris.—*Boston Post.*

——You were used
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common trials, common men could bear:
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Showed mastership in floating.
—*Shakspeare.*

I remember only one occasion in my life of witnessing every body scrupulously minding their own business. This remarkable occurrence happened at sea—the passengers being too ill to attend to each other's concerns. —*Patchwork, by Howard Paul.*

THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

Beneath the budding lilacs,
A little maiden sighed—
The first flower in her garden
That very morn had died.

I thought, as the child's sorrow
Rose wailing in the air,
My heart gave forth an echo,
Long bound in silence there.

For though time brings us roses,
And golden fruits beside,
We've all some desert garden,
Where life's first primrose died.

Addison has left on record the following important sentence:—"Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that very action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, joyful, forgiving, and patient, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives."

CHARACTER.—Were I to make trial of a person's qualifications for a union of so much delicacy as friendship or marriage, there is no part of his conduct I would sooner single out than to observe him in his resentments.—And this not upon the maxim frequently advanced, that "the best friends make the bitterest enemies;" but on the contrary, because I am persuaded that he who is capable of being a bitter enemy, can never possess the necessary virtues which constitute a true friend.—*Fitzosborne.*

To see the works great men have wrought,
Fills one with heart-oppressing thought;
But presently it lifts one up again,
To think such things were done by men.
—*From the German.*

It usually falls out that those who seek others' destruction find their own.—*Andrew Fuller.*

TOM CORWIN'S LAST.—At a trial recently held at Yellow Springs, Ohio, growing out of a difficulty between some of the students and faculty at Antioch, the "Old Wagon Boy," who represented the faculty, was exhibiting to the jury a foil, or cane, belonging to one of the students, which was probably used in the melee. Tom was in his usual happy mood, and brought down the house frequently by his witty illustrations of the noble science of fencing; now parrying imaginary thrusts, and anon throwing himself fiercely upon the attack.

At last, having exhausted his full store of pleasantries, with one fell thrust, he made feint to strike one of the students, Mr. Fisher, who sat near by, and with a look of unfathomable gloom, and a voice of Stentor, he thundered out:—"And what would you do, sir, being unarmed, if I should attempt to pierce you through?" Imagine the roar of laughter which greeted the last eloquent effort of the "old stumper," when the half-frightened student, collecting again his wits, sprang to his feet, and successfully exclaimed:—"*I'd welcome you, sir, with bloody hands to a hospitable grave!*"—*Ohio Press.*

AMERICAN ANNEXATION.—The London Morning Post says that negotiations which Mr. Pierce failed to complete have been resumed by Mr. Buchanan, the President of the United States, with the Chief of the Republic of St. Domingo, for the cession of the bay of Samana, at the eastern end of the island. Our cotemporary says that "this port could be easily converted into a second Sebastopol, which would give its possessors the command of the neighboring seas. The pretext alleged by Mr. Pierce was, that he wished to obtain a coal depot for the accommodation of the United States men-of-war." The Post contends that this would be a preliminary to the annexation of the island, and calls upon the English Government to stop the present negotiation.

MR. B. PEALE, the veteran painter, says, in describing Washington's *physique*, his weight was at one time two hundred and twenty lbs.; his complexion was florid; he had a deep blue eye, dark brown hair, a rather short neck, broad, sloping shoulders, limbs rather sinewy than muscular, and being in stature remarkably erect and majestic. In his mien there seemed to be blended, in an extraordinary degree, the gentleman and soldier.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

SANDY HOOK, 2 o'clock P. M., Nov. 15.—The steamship Vanderbilt, from Southampton on the 3d inst., with four days later advices from Europe, has passed this point.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS, Nov. 2.—Cotton—The sales of the past three days amount to 18,000 bales. All qualities have suffered a further decline of ⅛d, and the market closes this evening with a declining tendency, the lower qualities being the most affected.

The Breadstuff market has also declined, and in Provisions all qualities are slightly lower than quoted on Saturday.

The ship A. Y., from Liverpool, bound to New York, has foundered at sea. All hands saved.

The advices from Manchester continue unfavorable—all qualities had slightly declined.

The steamer Prince Albert arrived out on the 30th ult. The Canada reached Liverpool on the 31st.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—The Money market is unchanged. Consols 93¾.

A new Company for laying a Submarine Cable from Galway to Newfoundland, has been formed with a capital of £1,500,000.

Spain is preparing to act against Mexico.

THE WEATHER.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—A slight flurry of snow this morning.

OSWEGO, Nov. 15.—Five inches of snow fell here last night, and the storm recommenced this morning, and is now falling rapidly. The sleighing is already good.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—A slight snow storm commenced here at 10½ o'clock this morning.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 15.—It has been snowing all the morning—snow melting as it fell. Promises this afternoon to turn into a rain-storm.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 15.—The steamer Fulton City from Pittsburg bound to St. Louis, struck on a stump at Buffington Island, on Thursday morning, and sunk in sixteen feet of water. Twelve deck passengers were drowned. The boat was valued at $18,000, and was insured in Pittsburg for $10,000. She is a total loss, and the passengers lost all their baggage.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 15.—The Flour market is quiet but steady. Wheat firm, with brisk sales. Corn active, but prices unchanged. Provisions firm but unchanged. Whiskey quiet.

MOBILE, Nov. 15.—Cotton—Sales on Saturday 1700 bales, the market being depressed.

SAVANNAH, Nov. 15.—Cotton—The market on Saturday closed firm; 1600 bales sold.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—Flour has advanced, with sales of 10,500 bbls this morning at $4,40@ 4,65 for superfine State, and $5,40@5,60 for round hoop Ohio. Wheat is firm; 6000 bus sold at $1,19 @1,20 for Western red.

Corn is buoyant though quiet, sales at 74@77c. Pork is dull at $13,50@12,90 for Mess. Lard is steady. Whiskey steady.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE recent race for the Cambridgeshire Stakes, at Newmarket, England, was won by "Eurydice." Thirty-six horses ran, and the American mare Prioress, came in about sixth.

AN exchange tells of an editor who went soldiering and was elected Captain. One day, at a parade, instead of giving the orders, "Front face, three paces forward," he exclaimed—"Cash two dollars a year, in advance."

WM. H. RABET, the oldest of the horse-training brotherhood, declares that his system is equally efficacious in subduing women and children as horses. Being a widower with ten olive branches, he has had ample opportunity to test the truth of his theory.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

IN the examination of Mr. Robert Willis, of New York, upon a charge, preferred by Catharine Mulhearn, of murdering a man in his gambling hell in Broadway, the Justice (Connolly) considering the case sufficiently strong, as against the prisoner, to justify his commitment, made out an order accordingly. Judge Russell, however, decided that the evidence was insufficient, and he was released.

IT is stated in a letter from Berlin, "that the eldest son of Count Schaafdelach, Marshal of the Court to Prince Charles, was to marry the richest heiress in Germany, but that an obstacle existed, as the young lady, although possessing a fortune of 30,000,000 francs, belonged to what is called the lower classes, being the daughter of a simple proprietor of mines, and the marriage was not, therefore, an equal one. In order to remove this difficulty, letters of nobility have been accorded to the lady. A similar circumstance took place with regard to Mademoiselle Sontag, who, before her union with Count Rossi, was made a Baroness by the King."

A LARGE and very influential meeting was recently held in London, to consider the recent evidences that the confessional is being established in the Church of England, and it was resolved to petition Parliament for a law prohibiting the practice. Some strong indignation on the subject was expressed at the meeting.

GAME.—The Peru (Indiana) Republican reports a huge squirrel hunt at that place, a few days ago, in which two parties of six killed exactly three hundred squirrels apiece.—That sort of game must be abundant out there. Wild turkeys, too, are said to be rather "numerous."

IT is reported that a pardon will shortly be issued by the British Government to Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish exile.

FERRY BOATS LIGHTED BY GAS.—Some of the ferry boats which ply between New York city and Brooklyn are lighted with gas. The idea is a new one, and promises to be successful.—The gas is introduced by a flexible tube, from the Brooklyn gas works, and is thence distributed over the boat. It is calculated that from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet of gas will be burned every night, at a cost of 60 or 75 cents. The apparatus in each boat will cost $500, and will probably be everywhere introduced.

A THIRD meeting of the creditors of Lawrence, Stone & Co., took place at Boston recently.—The liabilities of this firm at the time of its failure have been ascertained to be nearly $4,000,000.

IN Cincinnati, a lady was detected in pocketing a package of gloves in a store. When charged with the theft, she burst into tears, and tendered a $20 bill in payment. The merchant took but $5, and gave her back the change. On counting the cash at night, that $20 bill was found to be a counterfeit.

WILD PEOPLE.—In Lancaster, Louisiana, a thing like a man, but hairy as a bear, has been frequently seen by the people. It is very wild and strong. It was once seen in a cow-pen, sucking the cows, and when discovered, it stood, as if about to fight, then turned and fled, bounding like a deer. It walks upright, and is supposed to be a wild man.

A DOG STORY.—A dog was shut up in the coal-room of the Housatonic Engine Company, Pittsfield, Mass., twenty-four days without food of any kind. He was accidentally discovered on Thursday evening week, at the regular meeting of the company, and came out "alive and kicking," but very much dilapidated, having lost about thirty pounds of flesh in the interim.

HOW TO EAT GRAPES.—When in health, the pulp only should be swallowed. When the bowels are costive, swallow the seeds with the pulp, ejecting the skins. When the bowels are in a too relaxed state, swallow the pulp and skins, and eject the seeds. Thus may the grape be used as a medicine, while at the same time it serves as a luxury unsurpassed by any other fruit. There is but little danger of over-eating grapes, if the above rules are followed—particularly if taken with and forming a part of the regular meal. We should advise eating them before rather than after other courses.

A MODEL JUROR.—In the Supreme Court, New York, last week, before Judge Davies, the case of the American Hair Company against Charles Fogg was tried. It occupied the court about two hours, when the jury received their charge and retired. After a quarter of an hour the jury came in, when the foreman announced that eleven agreed, but the twelfth man had not understood the evidence, *for he was a German, who did not speak English!* The court thereupon ordered the case to be tried again.

TREMENDOUS PILES OF GOLD.—The bullion in the Bank of France now stands at about $120,-000,000—a far higher sum than was ever before held by that establishment, and more than $9,000,000 in excess of the largest total ever collected in the Bank of England. At the commencement of the present year, the Bank of France held less than $50,000,000, and the influx in nine months has therefore been $70,-000,000. At the Bank of England, the total, at the beginning of the year, was $53,000,000, and it is now more than $95,000,000. The highest sum ever possessed was $111,000,000, in July, 1852.

DEATH FROM A CHESTNUT SHELL.—A little daughter of a Mr. West, who resides near Cooper's Furnace, while eating chestnuts yesterday, got a piece of shell in her throat, which caused death in a very short time. The doctor was sent for, but before he reached the house the child was dead. She was about eighteen months old. Care should be taken when such little ones are given anything of that kind to eat.—*Boston Express.*

LOOMS NOT FIXTURES—The New York Court of Appeals, at its recent session, decided that "broad looms" used in a factory, and fastened to the floor by screws, are personal property, and not to be considered part of the real estate.

TERRIBLE MORTALITY.—A malignant cholera broke out a few days ago, on a plantation in Jefferson parish, La., and in one day 80 out of 100 negroes died. So says the New Orleans Delta.

DESPATCHES BY DAVENPORT.—It is reported, we know not how truly, that fifty to one hundred laboring men left Davenport, Iowa, leaving their families while they seek work South. Many of their families are left with but little means of support. The parting is said to have been a sorrowful sight—wives and children crying on the shore, and husbands and fathers on the boats.

TRAIN STOPPED BY A MONKEY.—A few days ago a passenger on one of the trains to New York had a pet monkey, with which he amused the passengers. Near Port Chester the train suddenly stopped. The conductor, brakemen, and everybody wanted to know the cause, but nobody could tell until it was discovered that Master Jocko had mounted to the top of a car, and pulled the cord which communicates with the locomotive.

FRASER RIVER dates to the 4th ult. had been received. The river had fallen considerably, and much gold had been taken out, but the weather was too cold to work, and the miners were returning to California in large numbers.

A NOTES affair, called the New England Bank of Fairmount, Maine, a thing having no existence, has flooded the West with bills, and respectable parties in New York city have circulated $50,000 of them in Wall street. The New York police are investigating the matter.

THE collector of the port of Mobile has been applied to for a clearance to Walker's "emigrant" vessel, but he has referred the question to the Secretary of the Treasury, whose decision will probably turn on the truth or falsity of the report that the passengers have secured passports from Senor Yrissari.

THE Charlottesville (Va.) Advocate says there is now at Mr. Dodd's cabinet-shop in that place, for repairs, an old bureau that possesses no little interest, as it undoubtedly was the property of Mary, the mother of Washington. It is now the property of Elder James Fife, and its connection with the family of Gen. Washington is fully sustained by unquestionable evidence.

MARRIAGES AND BIRTHS IN ENGLAND.—The number of births in England, the last year, of living children, was 657,363, and the number of deaths 300,507. The number of marriages was 159,337. Of the births, 325,441 were boys, 331,912 girls. The number of children born out of wedlock was 42,651, or 6½ per cent. of the whole. The greatest proportion of births was in the quarter between April and July.

COSTS IN CHANCERY.—The Corporation of Southampton, England, after much litigation in Chancery, have recovered a bequest, left to the town for educational and scientific purposes; but out of the original sum of £101,000 they have only got £44,000, for after paying off some kindred, £34,690 had to be deducted from the estate for law expenses!

ENORMOUS YIELD.—William Churchill, of New Britain, Conn., raised, this season, 76 bushels of mangel wurzel from eleven square rods of ground, or, at the rate of 1,100 bushels to the acre. At fifty-seven pounds to the bushel, there would be twenty-seven tons of excellent fodder to the acre.

NEW ARTICLE FOR TANNING.—The Maine Farmer states that a premium was awarded at the State Fair at Augusta, for a calfskin tanned by the use of sweet fern. The skin was tanned in one week, and had the look of the best French calfskin.

ARRIVALS from Utah report six inches of snow. On the street, water and ice an inch thick.

A LIMERICK paper says:—"A gentleman holding a high official situation in the west of Ireland left for London to marry his governess, but so smitten was he with the beauty of her sister that he transferred his affections and person, and became her wedded husband."

DOWN EAST GIRLS.—The Machias (Me.) Union tells us that Mr. Joseph Conly, of Cutler, while bound for Seal Island, one day recently, in an open boat, was struck by a squall, the boat swamped and filled, leaving him in a dangerous condition. Two girls, daughters of Mr. John McGuire, went to his rescue, having to row the boat they were in more than a mile. They succeeded in bring Mr. C. ashore, all right, except a thorough drenching.

YELLOW FEVER CURED BY TRANSFUSION.—The New Orleans Delta states the case, but not the name, of a lady in that city whose life was saved at that most critical stage of the yellow fever when hæmorrhage takes place from the mouth, by the injection of blood from the veins of a person who had just recovered from the fever.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY.—The Wabash and Western Railroad Company's safe, at Fort Wayne, was opened with false keys, and $20,000 stolen; of the amount $5,000 was in new bills on the Frontier Bank of Illinois, and the rest in other bank bills of Illinois and Wisconsin. No clue has yet been discovered to the robbers.

FAVORABLE accounts continue to be received from the Pike Peak gold regions. Seven men, belonging to the Georgia company, took out five hundred dollars in five days. Upwards of six hundred wagons, bound to the mines, were met, last night, between Fort Kearney and the crossing of the River Platte.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Georgia, providing for the repeal of the clause in the State Constitution, prohibiting the importation of Africans.

THE Augusta Constitutionalist says that Judge Magrath, of the United States Court, in Charleston, recently decided that the liability of a steamboat company on freight does not stop when the goods on freight are landed on a wharf. The shipper is compelled to see that the produce is delivered to the consignee or his order. In case the shipper cannot find or deliver the goods to the consignee, it is his business to have the goods sent to a warehouse or placed in responsible hands, subject to the order of the owner or consignee.

MORE CASTAWAYS DISCOVERED.—Commodore Sinclair, of the United States ship Vandalia, while searching for three men belonging to the ship Wild Wave, which had been wrecked on the Island of Oene, and who afterwards reached Tahiti in a boat of their own construction, visited the little island of Rooahoogah, where he found six white men—three American and three Englishmen—who have lived there fourteen years, and had completely identified themselves with the natives, so as not to desire to leave.

SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY.—About 30 acres of land in Winthrop's Neck, in New London, Conn., has been fenced in by squatters, during the past summer. At the time Arnold burned the city, the records were destroyed, and no owners have claimed the land, which has been unoccupied since then.

ANOTHER CHLOROFORM CASE.—Another dentist, a Dr. Webster, of Montreal, has been convicted of an attempt to commit a rape upon a patient while under the influence of chloroform. It is insisted by those who understand the effects of chloroform, that in most cases outrages like these are vagaries of the brain, and exist only in the imagination. If so, why will dentists continue to run the risk of administering chloroform to patients who are unattended? If not, why will females claiming to be respectable, subject themselves to the risks which numerous convictions seem to show result from their taking chloroform when not in the presence of third parties.—*Journal of Commerce.*

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—On the 30th ult., a young German, of Chicago, Illinois, being disappointed in "an affair of the heart," loaded a gun with *water* over the charge of powder, put the muzzle in his mouth, and pulled the trigger, blowing his head to atoms.

CHESS PHENOMENA.—A correspondent of Harper's Weekly, speaks of two little chess phenomena, residing in Fayette county, Kentucky. They are a boy and girl, aged eleven and thirteen years respectively, and, blindfolded, can beat any of the most experienced players in that section.

A NEW METALLIC ALLOY.—M. Gersheim has just discovered a new amalgam possessing the singular property of being almost as soft as wax when warm, and of hardening in the course of a few hours when cool. It may be modelled into various shapes by the sole action of the fingers; it adheres strongly to other metallic substances, as also to glass and porcelain; so that it may serve to mend broken crockery, and is equal in that respect to the best mastic. When hard, it takes a fine polish like that of silver or brass.

THE Mayor of Strasburg has ordered that all noisy occupations, such as those of blacksmith, farrier, locksmith, brazier, &c., shall only be exercised in closed shops, and not before five in the morning, or later than eight at night.

GOLD AND SILVER.—The consumption of gold and silver at the present day for household purposes is enormous, its application having increased rapidly since the discoveries of gold in California and Australia. The amount of gold and silver annually taken from the mines of Europe is valued at $25,000,000. In America, the yield is computed to be $146,000,000; and Asia produces $25,000,000. Africa has no silver mines, but produces gold to the amount of nearly $3,000,000. Australia is also without silver, but gives gold to the large amount of $200,000,000. The whole sum extracted since the earliest time, is worth, together, some $25,536,000,000. The increase in the production of gold and silver is enormous, and we shall, at the present rate, gain more in this respect in fifty years than our ancestors did in fifty centuries.

NEW CANAL STEAMER.—The Buffalo (N. Y.) Republic says, that another steam canal boat has just been completed at Geddes, on a new principle. The paddles are like wings, and can be expanded or closed up at pleasure.—While the boat is passing through locks, the wheels are closed up like a fan against the side of the boat, and when wide water is reached, the wheel is spread, and commences operations. The contractions and expansions of the wheels are accomplished by machinery.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The depression which has characterized the Breadstuffs market for many weeks past, still continues to be its most prominent feature. The receipts have somewhat fallen off in consequence of the recent decline in prices, but they are still in excess of the demand, and of Flour the stock is slowly accumulating. The export demand is quite limited and only 2000 bbls were disposed of at $5 ℔ bbl for superfine; $5,25 @5,50 ℔ bbl, for extra; $5,75@6 for extra family; $5,37½@5,50 ℔ pair for half bbls, and $4@4,25 for condemned, including 500 bbls Wm. B. Thomas' on private terms. The sales to the home trade have been very meagre within the range of these figures, and fancy lots at $6,12½@ 6,75 ℔ bbl. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been exceedingly dull, and have again declined. Small sales of the former at $4,12½ ℔ bbl; 400 bbls of the latter sold early in the week at $4, but now it is offered at $3,62 ℔ bbl, a falling off of 37½c ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been an increased demand for good Wheat for milling, and rather better prices have been realized for this description, while inferior sorts have been neglected. The sales comprise 18,000 bus, ranging from $1,14 to $1,30 ℔ bus, for ordinary and prime Southern, Pennsylvania, and Western Red, and $1,18 up to $1,38 for White, chiefly at $1,25@1,30 for Red, and $1,32@1,38 for White, including 1800 bus mixed Tennessee of fair quality, at $1,25 ℔ bus. About 2000 bus new Rye sold at 75@80c for Pennsylvania, and 72c for Southern, at which figure it is taken on arrival. Corn was quiet early in the week, but since there has been a good demand, and the receipts having fallen off, prices have advanced 1@2c ℔ bus. Sales of 16,000 bus fair and prime old Yellow at 78@82c, and new at 64 up to 70c, including 1000 bus new White at 76c, and 10,000 bus mixed Western at 73@75c. Oats have been in good demand and have advanced. Sales of 8000 bus at 42@44c, closing at the latter quotation. Barley is very dull. 2000 bus ordinary New York sold at 80c, and 400 bus fair Penna at 67½c. Barley Malt sells slowly at $1.

PROVISIONS—The season is now over; there has been no activity, and the receipts and stocks of all kinds are light. For Pork the demand is limited. Sales of Mess at $17,75@18, and Prime at $15 ℔ bbl. City packed Mess Beef is selling in lots for ship's stores at $16@16,50 ℔ bbl. Bacon —There is but little inquiry, but holders are firm. Sales at 10½@12c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; Sides at 9½c, and Shoulders at 7½c ℔ lb, cash. Of Bulk Meats there is very little here, and none coming forward. Lard is but little inquired after, and sells only in a small way at 11c ℔ lb in bbls, and 12c in kegs. Butter—There is a fair demand for Roll at 18@23c ℔ lb. Solid packed sells at 11@14c, and Goshen at 22½@24c.

COTTON—The market has been excessively dull; prices have ruled very irregularly, and have again fallen off fully ½@½c ℔ lb, sales of 610 bales at 9½@12½c ℔ lb, cash, the latter rate for middling fair quality, including some Gulf at 11½ @12½c. The receipts have been liberal.

BARK comes forward slowly, and is held with much firmness. Sales of 20 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $30 ℔ ton; 100 bags do at $25, and 200 bags first quality No 2 at $22. Tanners' Bark continues as last quoted.

BEESWAX is in steady demand, and further sales of good yellow were made at 32@33c ℔ lb, cash.

COAL—The market presents a more encouraging aspect. There has been more demand, chiefly for the supply of Eastern markets, but the recent advance in the rates of freight, and the scarcity of vessels have had a tendency to retard shipments. The receipts both by railroad and canal are quite moderate. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal.

COFFEE—The market has been quite firm, but the demand has fallen off, sales of 1000 bags Rio at 9½@11½c ℔ lb for inferior and good quality. 300 bags Laguayra at 11½@12c, and 500 bags Cape at 10½c. The stock has been increased by the arrival of 1800 bags Laguayra, and 600 bags St. Domingo.

FEATHERS—The market is very poorly supplied, and good Western readily command 55c ℔ lb cash.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit generally is dull. Dried Apples range from 7½ to 7¾c ℔ bbl. Peaches command 9@12c for unpared, and 14@18c for pared. Green Apples are worth $2,25@4,50 ℔ bbl, and Quinces at $2@2,50 ℔ bbl. Cranberries command $10@14 ℔ bbl.

HIDES are quiet. The stock has been increased by the arrival of 4300 Laguayra and Porto Cabello.

HOPS meet a very limited inquiry, and new command 15@17c and old 5@10c ℔ lb, according to quality.

HEMP—Quotations are nearly nominal, and we hear of no sales, the stock being mostly all out of first hands.

IRON—The Iron market is exceedingly firm, and some holders have put up their prices. Many parties have sold all their make for the balance of the season. Sales of 600 tons No 1 at $22 ℔ ton 6 mos, and 300 tons No 2 at $21, 6 mos. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig. American common Ranges from $62,50 to $65 ℔ ton. Charcoal Blooms are worth $60@65, 6 mos. Prices of Boiler Iron remain without change.

LEAD—Prices continue firm. Sales of 200 pigs Virginia at 5¾c ℔ lb, equal to cash, and 600 pigs Galena on private terms.

LEATHER—Prime qualities of Spanish Sole and Slaughter are in fair demand, but other kinds are not wanted.

LUMBER—There is very little demand for any description, and prices are about nominal. A lot of Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $13,5 @15 ℔ M feet.

MOLASSES—The market continues exceedingly dull, and the only sale reported is a small lot of Cuba Muscovado, at 27c, on time, and 20 bbls new crop New Orleans, to arrive, on private terms.

SEEDS—There has been quite an active inquiry for Cloverseed, and 4000 bush were disposed of at $5,75@6, chiefly at $5,75@5,87½ ℔ 64 lbs for fair and prime new crop, including 1500 bush from second hands on private terms. The season for Timothy is over, and there has been nothing doing. In Flaxseed no sales have been reported. We quote at $1,60

SUGAR—There has been an increased demand and the market is decidedly firmer, the refiners as well as the trade having purchased more freely. Sales of 800 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 6½@ 6¾c, 500 boxes Brown at 7¼c ℔ lb, and 3000 bags Manilla, in another market, for refining here, terms not made public.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin meet a very limited inquiry at former rates. N E Rum sells at 36@37c. Whiskey is in rather better demand, and we advance our quotations ½c ℔

MASONRY IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following statistics are derived from the latest information contained in the proceedings of the various Masonic Grand lodges of the United States:—

	Lodges.	Members.
Alabama,	217	7,228
Arkansas,	103	1,929
California,	118	4,474
North Carolina,	107	5,010
South Carolina,	66	*3,100
District of Columbia,	11	639
Connecticut,	55	4,784
Delaware,	10	452
Florida,	38	1,234
Georgia,	221	12,027
Illinois,	243	8,526
Indiana,	240	8,594
Iowa,	108	3,178
Kansas,	6	170
Kentucky,	290	9,979
Louisiana,	103	3,979
Maine,	83	3,391
Massachusetts,	96	*3,800
Maryland,	33	1,626
Michigan,	105	*5,000
Minnesota,	24	805
Mississippi,	205	7,300
Missouri,	126	4,903
Nebraska,	3	*100
New Hampshire,	57	1,731
New Jersey,	49	2,204
New York,	409	30,000
Ohio,	253	10,903
Oregon,	15	490
Pennsylvania,	156	11,428
Rhode Island,	16	1,048
Tennessee,	174	7,750
Texas,	212	6,451
Vermont,	44	2,064
Virginia,	126	4,614
Wisconsin,	100	2,907
Total,	4,202	183,833

*Estimated.

The number of Free Masons in the United States is probably much greater than this table shows, as there are many to be found everywhere who are not affiliated with any lodge. The law of the fraternity is said to be "once a Mason always a Mason."

GEORGIA.—"*There She Stands! Look at Her!!*"—Georgia has over twelve hundred miles of railroad built and paid for, and yielding to the stockholders more than an average of 17 per cent. yearly dividends.

Within the next year, two hundred miles of additional road, completed and equipped, will be in operation. These roads, with but a single exception, are mainly the results of the enterprise, the energy and capital of our own people.

We have cotton, wool and paper factories, rolling mills, foundries and machine shops, merchant mills, marble yards; gold, copper, and coal mines, all in a flourishing condition, and remunerating the proprietors by handsome returns on the capital invested.

The cotton crop of the present year will bring twenty-one millions of dollars at present prices. The crop of cereals is worth twice that sum, at least; the sugar and tobacco crops not being included.

The State tax is not quite one-twelfth of one per cent.; the net income of the State road will be three hundred thousand dollars. The State debts amount to about two millions, and a tax of about one-fifth of one per cent. would pay it in two years. Our banks are solvent—our merchants in the best of credit, and the people generally out of debt, with full crops of corn, cotton, &c., on hand. The country is healthy, with the exception of the epidemic in Savannah. We have six male colleges, and colleges for the fair sex in almost every village containing five hundred inhabitants in the State.—Looking then, to this statement of stubborn facts, we ask—is there a state in all Christendom in the enjoyment of so many of the material elements of comfort, prosperity and success as the great State of Georgia? If then, all this time she occupies so proud a position, what will she be when all her projected lines of railroad are completed; when the mines of gold and copper and coal that now lie deep in the bosom of her mountains, are opened, and their rich deposits brought to market? When, instead of but a fourth, as she now has of her rich lands in cultivation, the full half of the rich valleys of the North shall bear a golden harvest, and the plains of the South and West shall be white with the kingly staple? When that day shall come, Georgia will not only be the Empire State of the South, but the Empire State of the world.—*Macon Telegraph.*

NIAGARA FALLS—THE ROAD TO TERMINATION POINT FALLEN AWAY.—Every year, the outline of the wonderful cataract changes, as the mighty waters slowly but surely wear away the channel, carrying in their embrace now a small fragment, then a huge mass of rock into the chasm below. Years ago, our readers will remember, Table Rock yielded to Time, and at successive periods pieces of it have fallen. On a visit to the Falls, a day or two since, we observed that another change had occurred, meriting, at least, a passing notice. Every sight-seer must recollect the path which, commencing below the brink of the ravine on the Canada side, almost opposite Prospect House, leads beneath Table Rock, and which those who desire to go "under the sheet of falling water" used to traverse in their water-proof habiliments.

It led to Termination Point, as the spot a long distance under the cataract was called, and the adventurer who dared air and flood to reach it, blinded by spray, deafened by the terrible roar which the beating of a million tons of water on the rocks below produces, used to receive a certificate of his having accomplished the feat. The oilskins are yet in requisition, the guides yet demand and receive their fees, and the certificates are yet given. Termination Point, too, may yet exist. But no mortal being can visit it. It never could be seen from the shore end of the cavernous tunnel—one side rock, the other water, and the floor a composition of both, which led thither. And the path to it is now cut off. The road along which one used to grope has fallen away. One can still walk about a yard under the cataract, but then the hardiest and most courageous must pause—no further foothold is afforded, and another step would lead one to an intimate acquaintance with all the mysteries which it is here forbidden us to know. Ere long, doubtless, now that the stratum of soft rock below has fallen and been pounded to clay, the upper mass will fall. And then another step will have been taken in the slow and tedious course in which Niagara has eaten its own way back from Queenstown, and is, if geologists say true, to wear itself away somewhere above Chippewa.—*Hamilton (Ca.) Spectator.*

BULL-TAMING EXTRAORDINARY.—The Duke of Portland, highly approving the system of Mr. Rarey in reference to the taming of horses, sent his groom, Mr. James Thompson, to undergo a course of instruction, under that eminent master. Since Mr. Thompson's return to Welbeck he has tried the system on a valuable but very vicious bull, an Alderney, and which had become almost unmanageable, and even a terror to his keeper. He practised a short time on him in his shed, and then took him into the open park, having only Messrs. J. and A. Field with him as spectators. After operating on the bull for a short time, Mr. Thompson and his friends each lay down between his legs, the beast having nothing attached to him except a cord to his nose. He was as tractable and docile as a child.

ROBBER'S CAVE DISCOVERED.—At Clarion, Pa., a small cave was recently discovered, containing the products of burglaries. A bottle of chloroform, some clothing, and about one hundred dollars' worth of jewelry were among the plunder. The robbers, however, have not been found.

SIX GENERATIONS.—On Wednesday week, at West Roxbury, Mass., a boy was born who can count probably more living ancestors than any other person in Massachusetts. He has, of course, a mother—but he also possesses the care of the following:—A grandmother, aged 40; a great-grandmother, aged 58; and a great-great-grandmother, aged 79; and a great-great-great-grandfather, aged 97. But the most singular of all is, that all but the old gentleman were born in the same house and same room, and he says he himself would have been, had it not been for a visit his parents were making near Boston. Mr. Prescott, the old gentleman referred to, is now looking finely, and says if he lives long enough to see his last little hero married, and a father, he will beat the world and be satisfied.

SHARP PRACTICE.—The lawyers of Troy are proverbially a sharp set, and the following instance does not detract from their reputation: A criminal was on his way to New York in charge of an officer who would not allow him an opportunity of seeking bail. In this dilemma, a man "learned in the law" was summoned, who thus accomplished his end:—He hired a small boy to go within arm's length of the prisoner, who dealt him a smart blow. Boy ran up to the police office, and soon appeared on the ground with a constable and an assault and battery warrant. The constable insisted on taking the prisoner to jail on this complaint, and in the meantime bail was procured on the former charge.

ICE IN SURGICAL OPERATIONS.—The Utica Herald says Doctor Wolcott, of that city, acting under the suggestion of a French journal, has resorted to ice as a means of destroying pain in surgical operations. A few day's since he removed a very large tumor from a man's leg.—He took a preparation of snow and common table salt, and applied it to the diseased part, which was almost instantly reduced to an insensible state. The removal of the tumor was accompanied with very little loss of blood, and little or no pain. Dr. W. thinks that this method of producing insensibility to pain is preferable to that of chloroform, inasmuch as it is not dangerous, and does not injure the blood.

TAKE this flower from me
(A white rose, fitting for a wedding-gift),
And lay it on thy pillow. Pray to live
So fair and innocently; pray to die,
Leaf after leaf, so softly.
—*Death's Jest Book.*

☞ The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.

I DARE do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is none.
—*Shakspeare.*

DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER gives immediate relief in cases of Asthma and phthisis, by taking a teaspoonful in molasses, and bathing the throat and stomach faithfully with the medicine clear. Let the flannel lie on the throat until relief is found.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—First class goods constantly on hand. The subscriber paying cash for every article is enabled to sell goods at very low prices. THOS. W. BAILY, 622 Market Street, Philada. sr11-18t

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, ℔	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ℔	8@10
Sirloin steak	16	Breast and Neck	6@8
Rump	12@14	Young Lamb, whole	2@3
Chuck pieces	8@U	Whole carcase	5@9
Plates and navels corned	3@6	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	62@75	Fore quarter, ℔	8
Leg, each	37½@75	Hind "	10
Shin	20@25	Chop	12½
Kidney	8@12½	Cutlet	12½
Liver, ℔	5@9	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried Beef, ℔	14@16	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	75@87½	Salt and fresh, ℔	10@12
Hind "	1,00@1,25	Feet, ℔ set	18@25
Chop, ℔	10@12	Tripe, ℔	4@6
Carves head, each	25@37	Lard	10@13
		Hams, sliced	14@15
		Bologna sausage	16@20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ℔ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ℔ basket	1,25	Do do, ℔ lb	6@8
Sweet potatoes ℔ bas	75@87½	Com pot's, ℔ bus	75@1,00
Cabbages, ℔ head	3@6	Onions, bus	50
Squashes, ℔ basket	37½@62½	Egg plants, each,	2@10
		Tomatoes, ℔ basket	50@62

FRUIT.

Apples, ℔ bbl	1,00	Apples ℔ hf pk	25@31

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chickens, ℔ pair	75@1,25	Pheasants	1,25
Teal ℔ pair	62@1,00	Partridges	50
Canvas-Backed	1,50	Rail ℔ doz	25@37
Wild Duck ℔ pr	95	Chickens, ℔ lb	10@12½
Red Head	1,00	Sab Pig'ns, pair	25@37
Rabbits apiece	12@25	Venison ℔ lb	25

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Absecom) ℔ bbl	50@75	N Y do, ℔ bbl,	10,00@13,00
Do, ℔ M	16,00@20,00	Terrapins (Ches & Del)	9,00@12,00
Morris River Cove, ℔ M	10,00@12,00	Lobsters, ℔	10

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, ℔	33@40	Blue Fish, ℔	12
Roll "	28@30	Salt do, ℔	11
Eggs, doz	18@20	Mackerel	16
Codfish	6@8	Sm'k'd Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	8@6	Sausage meat ℔ roll	12½
Halibut, ℔	12½		

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 13, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks par to	¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Crawford	no sale	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks par to	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks par to	¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore	¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks par to	¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old banks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	CANADA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1½ dis		

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

Nov. 15.—The supply of Beef Cattle has been quite large for the past week. Prices ranged from $7 to 8¼. Sheep were sold at from $3,00 to 6,00 each, according to quality and condition.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Nov. 13.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour dull, 5000 bbls sold. Wheat firm; sales unimportant. Corn quiet; mixed 73@75c. Beef sells at $10@11. Pork steady at $17,50 for Mess. Lard steady. Whiskey dull.

COTTON—We quote as follows:

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.

	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. & Tex.
Ordinary	9¼	9¼	9¼	9¼
Middling	11¼	11¼	11¼	11¼
Md'ling fair	12	12	12¼	12¼

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERMEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 26 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 29 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

READ! READ! READ!

The following is from an old and experienced sea captain, every word of whose testimony can be implicitly relied upon. Masters of vessels and travellers should read it attentively:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27th, 1858.

Dr. C. M. Jackson. Dear Sir:—Having heard favorably of *Hoofland's German Bitters* as a valuable medicine in cases of malignant fevers, I was induced to take a quantity with me on my recent voyage to the West Indies, anticipating the attacks of yellow fever myself and crew would be subjected to. I sailed from this port in the barque Reindeer for Havana on the 17th of August last with a crew of ten men, all told, and arrived at the latter port after a passage of eighteen days, during which time I regularly administered the Bitters to all on board with the happiest result, for, aside from any effect it might have had as a preventive of fever, I found it very beneficial to the general health of myself, officers and crew. In my own case I would say that when I commenced taking the Bitters I was suffering from a disease resembling Dyspepsia, accompanied by general debility of the system and want of appetite, which rendered me almost unfit to fulfil my duties, and made me more than ordinarily fearful of sickness by fever. I am now pleased to state that the Bitters have proved a great blessing to me, as I attribute my entire recovery and present state of excellent health to its use. On arriving at Havana I found the yellow fever raging fearfully, especially among the shipping in the harbor, where great numbers were daily falling victims. I still continued the use of the German Bitters with all on board my vessel, and am now happy to inform you that we have all returned safely and in good health from the voyage with the exception of one man who deserted on our arrival at Havana, thus having lost the benefit of the medicine when it was most needed. He was attacked with fever just prior to our departure and died. I believe Hoofland's German Bitters to be an excellent medicine, and am satisfied of its salutary effects as a preventive of yellow fever, as it is a very unusual thing for a vessel with so many persons on board to visit the Island of Cuba in August or September, and return without the loss of at least a portion of her crew.

GEO. W. ALLEN,
Master Barque Reindeer.

Witness W. P. Atkinson.

Ask for Hoofland's German Bitters. Take nothing else, and see that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle.

These Bitters will cure Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from disorder or weakness of the digestive organs.

For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines in the United States, Canadas, and West Indies. Price 75 cents per bottle.

JOHN C. MEAD & SONS, corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, have just completed a great improvement in Tea and Coffee Sets, whereby they can be placed on stoves and fires to boil tea and coffee. They are of their own *manufacture*, richly chased, and warranted of the finest quality. J. C. M. & Sons have also on hand *most superior* Waiters, Castors, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Meat and Vegetable Dishes, Goblets, Communion Sets, &c., and every article in Silver Plated Ware *warranted* of the best quality.

SICK AND AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE!!

No remedy or treatment ever yet discovered can equal or in any way compare with "DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY," for curing coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, blood spitting, liver complaint, sore throat, nervous debility, pains in the breast, all pulmonary complaints. Prepared only by *Dr. Swayne & Son*, No. 8 North 7th Street, Philadelphia.

DR. H. E. HOWELL, of New York, says that the most effectual remedy to improve the tone and energy of the stomach is the Oxygenated Bitters. For Dyspepsia and Indigestion these Bitters are unparalleled, as testify numerous cures.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Doylestown, Ohio, by the Rev. James Elliot, Capt. CHARLES S. HILBOURN, of Indiana, to Miss HATTIE M. GRIFFIN, of Middleburg, Ohio.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 27th, at the residence of the Rev. M. J. Whitworths, by the Rev. A. B. Nicholson, Mr. THOMAS H. LEWIS, to Miss A. E. HUDSON, all of Brookhaven, Miss.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. JAMES S. BRYAN, of Philadelphia, to Miss JOSEPHINE MIDDLETON, of Mount Holly, N. J.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. Kenney, Mr. SAMUEL R. FINCH, to Miss LUCY PETERS, both of England.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JACOB M. FAUNCE, to Miss SARAH E. SHEETS.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Thos. Street, Mr. EDWIN HART, to Miss KATE K. daughter of the late Wm. Davison, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. A. C. Cookman, Mr. JACOB C. CORNELL, of this city, to Miss REBECCA A. RYAN, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 4th of Aug. by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. W. H. MCCLURE, to Miss CAROLINE HARRISON, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Joseph Castle, Mr. JOHN TEST, to Miss LIZZIE, daughter of Mr. E. T. McIntire, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Burlington, N. J., on the 9th instant, ISAAC DEACON.

On the 7th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Abraham Wall.

On the 8th instant, HENRY CLAY JACKSON, aged 24 years.

In South Camden, on the 7th instant, TOBIAS STILL, aged 101 years.

On the 8th instant, CORNELIA FRANCES, wife of Julius D. Fisher.

On the 9th instant, ELIZABETH A. SKIRM, wife of Saml. Goodwin, aged 26 years.

On the 7th instant, GEORGE SOMMERS, aged 54.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM WILLIAMSON, aged 45 years.

On the 6th instant, CORNELIUS HAVILAND, aged 80 years.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ANN JANES, wife of Mr. Saml. Slack, and daughter of the late Capt. Saml. King, aged 46 years.

On the 6th instant, GEORGE B. MATHER, aged 34 years.

On the 6th instant, BENJAMIN WALLACE, aged 47 years.

On the 7th instant, Mr. BENJAMIN PRIEST, aged 62 years.

On the 5th instant, JOHN G. WALKER, aged 67.

On the 6th instant, MARGARET GEBELEN, aged 19 years.

$50 PER MONTH and EXPENSES PAID. We want a responsible Agent in each State in the Union. H. BALLOU CARTER, Haverhill, Mass. 1t

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1850		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	113½	—
" " '68	113½	—
" 5 " coupon '74	104½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	102½	103½
" " new	105½	106
" 5 "	91½	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	65	—
" 6 coupon	—	—
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	54	—
" County "		
" R R issue	50	51½
" County 6 pr ct		
Penn 6 pr ct	92½	93½
" 5 " coupon	85	87
" 5 "	86	88
Tenn 6 pr ct	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	80	82
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104	—
Missouri 6 "	89	—
Ohio 6 " 1836	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	95	—
Virginia 6 "	93½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	89	—
Can. State 7 pr ct new bonds	90	—
N Y City 6 pr ct	110	—
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	143½	—
Philadelphia	135½	136
Far & Mec	56	60
Commercial	53	55½
N Liberty	69	70
Mechanics	—	27½
Southwark	67	—
P Township	34	36
Kensington	62½	70
Girard	12	12½
Western	67½	70
Man & Mech	26	27
Commerce	62	70
Tradesman's	60	—
City	45	50
Consolidation	24	25½
Commonwealth	21½	22
Corn Exchange	31½	32
Germantown	50	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g Exchange	84	—
	52	—
Kentucky Ky.	117	118
Northern "	120	121½
Louisville "	109	110
Farmers "	120	135
Union, Nash, Tenn	98	99
Planters "	100	104½
N O Gas Light	124	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Loan 6 p c	221	224
Lehigh Zinc		1
New Creek		
New Grenada		
N America Ins'nce	134	14
N Liberties Gas	28	—
Southwark & Frankford RR	56	58
Bonds	93	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	102	103
2nd " "	90½	91
stock		
Interest off	42½	43
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	92½	93
" stock	116	117
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	82½	83
mort 6's '44	91½	92
" " '86	72½	73½
stock	25½	25½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	88
stock	37½	40
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	33½	—
6 pr ct loan '60	101	102
Ches Val R R 7s	90	—
Tioga R R 7s	88	—
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	75½
2d	82½	82½
stock	10	15
Catawissa	61	64
Beaver Meadow stock	56½	—
preferred 10 pr ct	60	—
North Penna R R stock	8	9
6 pr ct loan	80	90
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	53½	—
6 pr ct loan	96	—
Minehill R R 6 pr ct loan	62½	63
Har and Lan R R stock	50	53½
bonds '83	94	95
L. Schuylkill R R stock	26	26½
Long Island R R stock	11	11½
bonds	82	82
Erie R R stock	16½	—
Hudson River R R	30	—
N Y Centra "	83½	—
Michigan Centra "	85½	—
Illinois "	87½	87½
Michigan Southern	24½	24½
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	69½	69½
imp, 6 pr ct	63½	—
stock	9	9½
preferred	17	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	51½	51½
mort 6 pr ct	95	95½
scrip	30	30
Morris Canal'd	49	50
preferred	106	110
Ches & Del	39½	45
bonds	72	75
Union	8	10
bonds	35	37
Sus & Tidewater	—	6
bonds 1878	34½	35

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ALL THO

Wit and Humor.

THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last fly of summer,
Left buzzing alone;
All its black-legged companions
Are dried up and gone.
Not one of its kindred,
No blue-bottle nigh,
To sport 'mid the sugars,
Or in the milk die.

I'll not doom thee, thou lone one,
A victim to be;
Since the rest are all vanished,
Come dine thou with me.
Thus kindly I scatter
Some crumbs of my bread,
Where thy mates on the table
Lie withered and dead.

But soon you will perish,
I'm sadly afraid,
For the glass is at sixty
Just now in the shade.
When wasps have all vanished,
And blue bottles flown,
No fly can inhabit
This bleak world alone.

THE MYSTERY CLEARED UP.—A few days ago, Joseph Davis commenced a prosecution in the Police Court in Cleveland against John Wendell. On the trial, William Davis was principal witness for the prosecution, and made the case strong against the defendant. Mr. C———, the attorney of the defendant, took him in hand for cross-examination as follows:

Mr. C.—Are you in any manner related to the prosecuting witness?

Witness.—Yes.

Mr. C.—How?

Witness.—We are brothers-in-law.

Mr. C.—You can go down, sir.

Mr. C——— then called up and examined about a dozen witnesses, who swore that William Davis and the prosecuting witness were father and son. This was clinching testimony, but Mr. C——— was calling another witness yet, when the Judge said:

"Mr. C———, there is no use in calling any more witnesses to that point. It is abundantly proved."

Mr. C——— replied: "If your honor is satisfied, I am; I only wish to show that the witness is a liar, and not to be believed;" and he tilted himself back in his chair, ran his fingers through his hair, and looked around upon the crowd, while a triumphant grin covered his face.

The City Attorney then recalled William Davis.

Attorney—A dozen witnesses swear you and the prosecuting witness are father and son; how is that?

Witness—It is true.

Attorney—Why, then, did you say, a few minutes ago, that you were brothers in-law?

Witness—Because we married sisters.

Here all hands became convulsed with laughter, and Mr. C———'s triumphant grin passed into the "refraction of despair" and his client into the county jail.

A NEGRO DISCUSSION ABOUT EGGS.—Geneva, the lovely village on Seneca Lake, furnishes the following specimen of parliamentary ruling:—"In the fairest village of Western New York, the 'culled pussons,' in emulation of their white brethren, formed a debating society, for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The deliberations of the society were presided over by a venerable darkey, who performed his duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on the occasion of which we write was 'Which am de mudder of the chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chick?' The question was warmly debated, and many reasons pro and con were urged and combated by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority, and the president made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and begged leave to state a proposition to this effect:—'Spose,' said he, 'dat you sot one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder—de duck or de hen?' This was a poser, was well put, and nonplussed the other side, even staggering the president, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so, after cogitating and scratching his wool a few moments, a bright idea struck him. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced: 'Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; derefore I rule de ducks out!' and do it be did, to the complete overthrow of his opponents."

PLEASANT SOUNDS.—Some years ago there lived in Alabama a family named W———. They were poor, and lived in an humble cottage, but enjoyed all the blessings which naturally arose from the toil of their own hands, never envying or dreaming of the treasures of the rich, until fortune favored them in the death of a relative in Old Virginia, which brought them in possession of six or eight negroes. On the strength of the niggers they were going to get, they bought a wagon and team, and started the boys to Old Virginny, to "haul them ar' niggers hum." They soon returned, and the family gave the darkies a hearty reception.

The good old lady of the house, whom they called Miss Betsy, was so delighted at her good fortune, that she remained awake during the first night after the arrival of "them ar' niggers." At short intervals, she would call out to one of the niggers:

"H-a-n-n-a-h! Oh, H-a-n-n-a-h!"

"What do you want, Miss Betsy?"

"Nuthing, Hannah! I just wanted to hear you call me *Miss Betsy!*"

A few days after, Hannah was washing at the spring, when Miss Betsy would go to the door and call out:

"Oh, H-a-n-n-a-h!"

"What do you want, Miss Betsy?"

"Nuthin, Hanner! I only wanted to hear you call Miss Betsy *from the spring!*"

A LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY.—An enterprising travelling agent from a well-known Cleveland tomb stone manufactory, lately made a business visit to a small town in an adjoining county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go and see him, and offer him his consolation, and a grave stone, on his usual reasonable terms. He started. The road was a horribly frightful one, but the agent persevered, and finally arrived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting fence rails "over in the pastur, about two miles." The indefatigable agent hitched his horse and started for the "pastur." And after falling into all manner of mud holes, scratching himself with briars and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent at length found the bereaved man.

In a subdued voice he asked the man if he had lost his wife. The man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear of it and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiate archer, and shot down all of both high and low degree. Informed the man that "what was his loss was her gain," and would be glad to sell him a grave stone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone, as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was "a little difficulty in the way." "Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent. "Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but no grave stun ain't necessary; for you see the cussed critter ain't dead. *She's scooted with another man!*" The agent retired.

IRISH COMPLIMENTS.—The following compliments were paid to Sheridan, in Norfolk, by an Irish servant belonging to Mr. Coke, who attended him on his shooting excursion, and which Sheridan re-told with great glee:—Shot the 1st (the birds all getting away)—"More power to your honor! Did you see one little fellow drop his leg as he went off? He'll never stand on his tin toes again." Shot 2nd (ditto) "Tare an'agers, there they go! But didn't your honor hear the shot rattle among them like pase agin a windey? They'll pray never to see your honor agin on this side of the country." Shot 3rd (birds all off again)—"Tunder an 'ounds! but they've cotched it! (After watching them awhile.) There's three wounded, anyhow, for they had hardly stringth to fly over yonder hedge; the divil a wink of sleep they'll get this blessed night." Shot 4th (a pheasant gets away)—"Well, I never seen a poor gentleman taken like him; he'll remember your honor many a long day for that. The spalpeen is carrying away more shot than would set up an iron-monger in Skibbereen." Shot 5th (a snipe gets off,)—"Bother ye! ye may cry crake, my fine fellow—ye may take you're long bill to the other world. You'll wake to-morrow morning with a lumbago in your soft head." Poor Sheridan could stand this no longer, but gave his countryman a fee for his ingenuity, and proceeded on his beat alone.

A DESPERATE CASE: ONE ONLY TO BE CURED BY THE CLERGYMAN

FIRST PARTY.—"This is the very spot where I last saw the darling creature. I assure you, Frank, she is the loveliest, the most beautiful, the—the—th—in fact——"

SECOND PARTY (*Who has Heard the Same Thing for the Last Two Hours*).—"H'm! ha! daresay! Yes. I say, old fellah, have a cigar?"

Agricultural.

A CHEESE MAKING DISTRICT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—Fabius, Onondago county, is situated on the higher portions of land in central New York. From the North-East and North West parts of the town the waters flow North into the Oswego river and thence to Lake Ontari, while the streams which pass through the central and those which form in the southern parts are tributary to the great Susquehanna, whose waters roll to their destiny in the Chesapeake. The waters flowing to the northward, are hard and limy, while those flowing southward are soft and pure. All this soft water region is admirably adapted to grazing and dairy purposes. It is traversed North and South by parallel ranges of hills and intervening spaces of low, flat lands. The summits of the hills are crowned with a dense growth of primitive forest. Their sloping sides are pasture lands. These are cut transversely, at short intervals, with streams of pure, cold water flowing from the woody summits to the larger brooks in the adjacent valleys. The soil of these hills is of a clayey formation, which is underlaid with a thick stratum of the Genesee slate stone. The former is almost impervious to water, which the latter retains in its hidden seams and crevices, in sufficient quantities to give out a supply through the long, dry months of Summer and Autumn, and spreading it over the hill sides, counteracts the effects of drought, keeping the grass green and fresh. While some of the more elevated tracts of the flat land, have a surface of loam and gravel, by far the greater part has an alluvial or mucky soil, which is rich and inexhaustible, for the raising of meadow grass. The grass never "runs out," but yields an abundant crop, year after year. The great semi-annual rains flooding these low lands, leaves a fertilizing coat on their surfaces, which appears annually to increase their productiveness. The grasses of this town are Timothy, white clover, blue grass, and red top. Add to all of these a pure and invigorating air, and we have all the elements of soil and climate for making the best of butter and cheese.

Twenty years ago this was a poor town, noted for nothing, save perhaps, as being the temporary residence of the inchoate Grace Greenwood. There was now and then a farmer, who, occupying the more arable portions, cultivated a few cereals, and in the fall taking to market the remainder, above the needs for home consumption, returned with two or three hundred dollars in his purse—he was then rich; others kept a little young stock, a few sheep and some horses: while still another class had a few cows, and made some small attempts at cheese-making—the cheese-hoop and churn all the time on a strife to see which would get the most of the cream. These stock raisers and cheese makers were looked upon with contempt, as being a poor, unfortunate, and God forsaken race, by their rich neighbor, the grain farmer. He almost thought them to be some mongrel, betwixt man and beast, or they never would try to get a living on such barren hill sides and swampy lands, where they could raise no grain and have "no money in the fall"—all their money went to the tax-gatherer. They lived in shabby old houses, and even log houses, while the raiser of grain had a good framed house, sometimes painted red, sometimes even painted white. Cereal rode in a good lumber wagon, drawn by nice horses—Cow-monger & Co., went on foot, or rode on the ox sled.

But "a change has come over the spirit of the dream." Twenty years have almost wrought a miracle. These same graziers are now *the first* men. Where he of the plough reaped his harvest of from two to four hundred dollars, they now reap a harvest of $2,000 to $4,000. Where stood the old apology for a house, now stands the most superb country dwellings. The hill-sides and hollows are now dotted with the most elegant structures of rural architecture, many of which aspire to palatial pretensions. In place of the ox-sleds may now be seen the proudest steeds and most splendid vehicles. The *barren* lands are being brought to the nicest state of cultivation. The meadows are crowding from the foot of the hill to the bank of the stream. The stumps and bogs have to recede before this progress. The low and wet lands are intersected with ditches. The old logs are cleared from the streams, and the waters confined to their narrow channels. These lands, valued nominally, twenty years ago, at ten dollars per acre, are now worth sixty. But where is he of the plough? Is he where he was? No! not even that;—he has stepped back a pace;—his buildings look time-worn;—his team is earth-worn;—his land is plough-worn, and his purse is empty. Barley, the friend of his better days, refuses to grow; an early frost blights his corn, or the rust corrodes his oats and wheat. He lives by the sweat of his brow.

Should any one inquire, "What has made this change?" he would be answered—"*Cheese.*"

The ten-cow dairy of 1838 occupied the space that numbers now from fifty to one hundred cows; and the puny skim-milk cheese of that date, has given way to large, rich, and golden cheese, that would come undisgraced from a comparison with the best manufactured in this country. Amateurs have pronounced some of these dairies the *best* in New York State.

Twenty years ago there might have been seen, now and then, a straggling load of grain, passing from this town northward to the nearest landing on the Erie Canal. Now, during the autumnal months, a living stream of teams, loaded with cheese, may be seen pouring from this vicinity over the northern highlands, for the same destination, and 100 tons a week are now being shipped there, for Albany and other Eastern markets; while nearly the same amount is scattered over the country in other directions.

A person on a clear morning, standing near the centre of this town, can hear the voices of the cow-boys on different farms, who drive about eight hundred cows to their respective barns for milking; within this hearing distance he could visit, during the morning's milking season, eighty persons engaged in milking the cows, and within this same space he could learn that $35,000 are annually received for the products of the cows. More anon.

Respectfully yours, FARMER.

Fabius, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Nov. 1, 1858.

TO KILL LICE ON CATTLE.—Take tobacco and boil it in water until very strong—then wash the animal freely with the liquid two or three times. I have a cow that was so for six months, and tried every thing I could hear of to no purpose, when I washed her back and flanks freely. This drove all the able ones to her neck and head. I then washed her neck once, which finished all the rest, thus making that detestable weed answer one important and beneficial purpose.—*Country Gentleman.*

BEST POTATOES FOR FAMILY USE.—The best potatoes for baking are the *Merinoes*. They will often burst in the oven, like a chestnut, and are exceedingly dry and fine flavored. They require a deal of care in boiling or they break in the water, and in this way become injured, and are better steamed than boiled. For boiling we prefer the *Mercer* or the *Long Pink-Eye*.—*Rural New Yorker.*

HINTS FOR THE SEASON.

I. The fattening of stock for the butcher should be no longer delayed. It is easier to fatten in mild weather than when the winter has fairly set in. Animals now put on flesh readily, because naturally; for nature always lays up a stock of fat in the physical system previous to the advent of cold weather, for the purpose of supplying an extra stock of carbon as fuel to keep up the animal heat.

II. Keep your stables and barns well littered. Leaves from the woods are excellent, and absorb the liquid manure well, besides, of themselves, they make good manure. Nothing that will make manure should be wasted, but carefully saved. Home-made manures are in general as valuable as the bought article, if the proper amount of care is taken to retain the fertilizing elements.

III. Plough stiff soils in ridges, exposing them to the action of the frost. This will pulverize and make the land much more valuable. Ground that is infested with grubs or insects of any kind, should also be ploughed up; for, by this means, many of the insects will be destroyed. If performed well, the land will be doubly improved by the means of ploughing.

IV. Put up racks and troughs for feeding sheep. You will thus save a great deal of feed. It is the worst kind of policy to feed animals of any kind under foot, for they spoil more than they eat, and the increased bulk of manure made in this way does not equal the loss. Neither straw nor hay are manure until they are combined with substances and have gone through a rotting process, and that process is not brought about properly by being tramped in the mud.

V. Have everything in order for winter. By doing up your work now it will save you many a disagreeable job during the cold weather, and perhaps save some money also. See that every shingle, on house or barn, is on and fast. Nail on all loose clapboards. Glaze broken windows. Leave nothing to be done that can be done now.

VI. Cellars should now be looked to. Keep out all frost. See that everything is packed away right. If there are any vermin about take means to kill them. Poison is often very dangerous when used in or near cellars where roots or provisions of any kind are kept, and therefore should be used with caution.

VII. Country roads should now be attended to. Have them high in the middle, and good, deep ditches at the sides, with passage way for the water. When there is no way by which the water can run off readily, it is next to an impossibility to have anything like a decent road. If stone is convenient use it for filling up all ruts. Let it be remembered that good roads are cheaper than poor ones, for on the former heavy loads can be drawn at any time, while the latter are impassable, six months in the year, and hard pulling the other six. Therefore see that all your roads, bridges, and culverts are in good working order. A bad plank may break your horses' legs and your neck.

VIII. Dig your drains deep enough; shallow drains are only a little better than none at all. Don't be afraid that the water will not penetrate to the bottom because your soil is a stiff clay. We never saw clay that at three feet from the surface was not wet, after enough rain had fallen and sufficient time had elapsed for it to soak in. All clays are wet in the spring.—*Ohio Farmer.*

BURNING SODS FOR THEIR ASHES.—At a meeting of the Skaneateles Farmer's Club, Mr. W. P. Giles gave the result of an experiment on his farm, some years ago, in burning the turf upon a piece of swampy ground which had been reclaimed by draining. The sod was cut loose in the fall, and in the spring was thrown into heaps, and burned by the aid of old rails and stumps, and the ashes was then spread as a topdressing upon the land immediately after ploughing; the result was an enormous crop of corn, while the adjacent parts of the same field were ruined by the worms. The ground continued to produce larger crops of grain and grass than other parts of the field to this day. He also alluded to the practice of the Hon. Mr. Dickinson, of Steuben county, of cutting up the sod along the side of the highway, and throwing it in heaps and burning it, as a manure, with beneficial results.—*Country Gentleman.*

TRIAL OF FOUR VARIETIES OF WHEAT.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. George Skinner, of Kalida, Putnam county, Ohio.

I will give the results of a small experiment in growing some new varieties of fall wheat, which I have just harvested, threshed and weighed.

The ground on which it was grown was black muck, first crop, recently cleared, and much too flat and wet to produce a large crop; sown broadcast on the 4th of September, and harvested 5th of July—one-half-pound of seed of each variety sown.

"BRENTA WHEAT."—Berry red, long and hard; heads long and beardy; straw stiff and strong; ripens early, yielding at the rate of eighteen bushels to one of seed.

"SOFT WHITE WHEAT."—Berry white, short and oval; heads long and smooth; straw strong and long; ripens with Mediterranean; yielding at the rate of twenty-two bushels to one of seed.

"RED WHEAT."—Berry light color, short and plump; heads short and very compact, with long beards; straw light; ripens early; yielding at the rate of sixteen bushels to one of seed.

"RED WHEAT."—Red, long and shrunken; heads moderately long and very compact; long beards; straw light, and ripens early; yielding at the rate of sixteen to one.

The first two named varieties I think are valuable acquisitions. The others with a dry season would do well.—*Ag. Division Patent Office.*

STORING WINTER VEGETABLES.

It is time to think about storing away vegetables for winter use, not that it yet be done, but that provision must be made for it. Here a good cellar is invaluable, as by its aid much of the garden stuff can be preserved in safety during the presently inclement weather. Of root crops, parsnips and oyster plants are both benefitted by being left in the ground during winter, but as it is difficult to get them out in hard weather—enough for the first use should be stored away with beets, turnips, and carrots—all that is necessary, is to get some dryish sand, alternate the layers of sand and roots; this brings them out fresh and plump; in the absence of sand ordinary soil will do. Squashes and pumpkins, if thoroughly ripe, will keep in any dry place free from frost. Onions the same.

Celery may be stood upright in a box or corner of the cellar, soil being worked in well among the heads; if the place is at all warm they will last but a short time. For latter use take out a narrow trench, say the width of the spade and as deep as the celery is high, clean out the bottom from all crumbs, then commence one end with the celery, which must be taken up with the roots, and stood upright as thick as they will stand; no soil need be worked in with it in this way, as the ground being cold it does not decay. When all is laid in snug, get short pieces of boards and lay crosswise the trench, on which lay others lengthwise, not too close together; on this must be piled litter, long manure and the like, very thick or sufficient to keep out frost. It is a good plan to throw rough boughs over also, which accumulate a snow-drift, than which there is no finer covering for anything of a vegetable nature.

Cabbages can be readily kept for use, in the cellar, either lying on the floor, roots up, or suspended from the ceiling by means of cord or the like. If on the floor they must not be over two thick, or frequently moved about. Market gardeners for early winter use lay them close together, heads up, partially below ground, then throw over a quantity of litter proportionate, mostly to the time it is wished to keep them. For spring use select those still soft and unfit for market or table; choose a piece of dry land, and open a trench as for digging the soil; lift the cabbage roots and all (indeed this should be a standing rule,) and commence a row in this trench with the roots standing upright; the soil for the next row is thrown on these, and so on until the job is completed. Four inches of soil over the heart of the cabbage is quite sufficient, on which some rough stuff ought to be thrown over as winter sets in. When thaw comes in the spring, these will be found hardened and good cabbages, but will not last long when exposed to the air, hence should be taken up only as occasion demands.

The actual time at which all this must be done depends altogether on the region of country and the season. Just before hard frosts set in is time enough, but it should be remembered that freezing, even rather lightly, injures the keeping qualities of celery, carrots or beets, hence, every one must be on their guard when frost may be reasonably expected.—*North Western Farmer.*

CULTURE OF TEA IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A correspondent of the Raleigh Standard, who has succeeded in the culture of tea in North Carolina, writes that the Paraguay tea, which it is proposed to introduce into the United States, is identical with the "Yepon," which grows wild on the North Carolina coast, and is very generally drank among the poorer classes in that section. Many of the captains of vessels prefer a supply of it to coffee, as they say their men are with it able to endure more fatigue and accomplish more labor. It grows wild upon the eastern coast, but when cultivated and trimmed makes a beautiful tree.

LINSEED TEA FOR CALVES.—An English paper gives the following simple mode of preparing linseed tea for calves:—

"One and a half pound of linseed will make five gallons of tea. To one and a half pound of ground linseed add a gallon of *hot* water—not boiling. In cold weather let it stand twenty-four hours, in warm weather twelve hours. Then add four gallons of water, and give it to the calves at the temperature and about the consistency of new milk. A six month's calf will drink six gallons per day, given it twice."

☞ A man may always conquer his passions if he *pleases;* but he cannot always *please* to conquer his passions.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 1, 14, 17, 8, 3, 16, was the founder of the Ionic sect of philosophers.
My 6, 5, 11, 30, 9, 27, 26, 33, was called the Cynic philosopher.
My 30, 11, 15, 18, 2, 9, was a German author.
My 8, 3, 32, 29, 28, 7, 22, 16, was a King of Sparta who fell in the battle of Thermopylæ.
My 14, 17, 27, 29, 32, was an illustrious Carthaginian.
My 27, 9, 19, 32, was a Roman Emperor.
My 34, 28, 13, 19, 16, 8, 17, 20, 34, 28, 19, 16, was the first Roman Dictator.
My 4, 24, 30, 19, 8, 19, 16, was a celebrated Roman.
My 31, 23, 20, 20, 14, 19, 16, was a famous King of Epirus.
My 21, 17, 25, 28, 21, was a King of Scotland, contemporary with Stephen of England.
My 12, 15, 29, 15, 8, 11, 29, wrote the Telemachus.
My whole delights thousands every week.

HAL HAZELNUT.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA---ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 2, 5, 2, is a city in Arabia.
My 2, 5, 8, 6, 4, 10, is a city in Ohio.
My 3, 4, 5, 11, 3, 5, 13, is a city in Saxony.
My 4, 12, 9, 10, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 5, 13, 8, 4, 5, is a lake in Lapland.
My 6, 8, 4, 4, 5, 2, is a county in twelve of the United States.
My 7, 5, 2, 13, 5, is a town in Soudan.
My 8, 4, 10, 1, 13, 11, 8, 11, is one of the United States.
My 9, 12, 4, 10, is a city in Ireland.
My 10, 8, 2, 5, is a county in Illinois.
My 11, 5, 4, 5, 11, is a city in Turkey.
My 12, 3, 5, 11, 11, 8, is a city in Russia.
My 13, 5, 6, 1, 4, 10, is a city in Ohio.

My whole was a great American General and Statesman.

Tiffin, Ohio. J. W. CRAMER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In ages past, before the flood
Destroyed the works and lives of men,
There wandered tribes, warlike and rude,
Across the forest and the plain;
Some tribes were skillful, some were not,
Some dwelt in caves and hollow trees;
Yet all me used, and through me wrought
The various arts by slow degrees.

Cities were built where forests stood,
Where wild beasts roamed in search of prey;
And many people had and good
Within them passed their lives away.
Those cities large and ships so grand,
Of which we read in ancient lore,
Without me could have ne'er been planned,
As you've been doubtless told before.

But time sped on, and a decree
Came from above that man must die;
That to his works on land and sea,
The end was certain and was nigh.
The Bible tells how some were saved,
Who built an ark of pitch and wood;
And how when loud the waters raved,
Their ship for months the storm withstood.

And in that ark were beast and bird,
And animals of every kind;
And in it, too, I oft was heard.
And saved, as you will quickly find.
And till this time on sea or shore
I'm used by man as I was then:
'Tis needless now to tell you more,
My name ere this to you is plain.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is my whole in a greater degree,
And my last is a distant relation;
Between first and second myself you can see,
Upholding a prominent station.
My whole was rejected by Judy and Moll,
What a pity that Jonathan should be so small.

F. B. F.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose an eagle starts to fly from Boston, and flies due West at the rate of 100 miles per hour. At the same time another eagle 500 miles due East, starts and flies directly towards the other, and at the rate of 125 miles per hour, how far will each fly before the one will overtake the other?

An answer is requested.

Mo. QUINTILLION.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What must you do to a tea-table to make it fit to eat? Ans.—Take away the T, and it becomes eatable.

☞ What is the difference between a fisherman and a truant schoolboy? Ans.—One baits his hook and the other hates his book.

☞ Why is crinoline like an obstinate man? Ans.—Because it often stands out about trifles.

☞ To what color does flogging change a boy? Ans.—It makes him yellow (yell oh!)

☞ What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness? Ans.—One is the sale of effects, and the other the effects of a sail.

☞ Why are railroad carriages in no danger from lightning? Ans.—Because every train has a conductor.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOPONICAL ENIGMA—

Plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you'll have corn to sell and keep.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. CHARADE—Chicago (Shy-ca-go). CHARADE—Hatred (Hat-red).—RIDDLE—Husband. ANAGRAMS—Centre, Crawford, Potter, Wayne, Bradford, Venango, Mifflin, Franklin, Lebanon, Westmoreland, Huntingdon, Blair. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—8.06019 feet.

GOING AFTER A COMPOSITOR.—The Machias Republican is responsible for the following:—

"A young clergyman, not one hundred miles from Machias, intending to leave his parish the next day, for the purpose of getting married, announced as his text on a late Sabbath the following appropriate passage:—*It is necessary for you that I go away, for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come!*"